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# HANGMAN

NO. 6

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# The HANGMAN

SPECIAL  
CASE  
NO. 17

IN *The Laughing Cavalier*

**T**HERE WAS DEATH IN THAT ANCIENT CASTLE ..... GRINNING, MOCKING, HIDEOUS DEATH? AND IT WAS INTO THIS BIZARRE SETTING, CRINGING, UNDER AN ANCESTRAL CURSE, THAT THE HANGMAN WAS PLUNGED ..... TO FIND HIMSELF AT GRIPS WITH THE GHOSTLY MURDERER ..... THE LAUGHING CAVALIER!!

IRVING  
NOVICK

ONE STORMY NIGHT AS BOB DICKERING IS DRIVING ALONG THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS.....

HELLO... LOOKS LIKE A MAIDEN IN DISTRESS!



GLAD TO TAKE YOU THERE, HOP IN!



YOU SEE I'M LINDA SHORT, AND THIS IS JASPER GRIGGS, A CHURCH ORGANIST!

LINDA SHORT! NOT RELATED TO ROBERT SHORT, THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE, ARE YOU?



IF YOU WOULD, PLEASE! I'VE RUN OUT OF GAS AND I'M IN A TERRIBLE HURRY TO GET HOME!



MY FATHER... BUT HE JUST DIED! WE'RE ABOUT TO BURY HIM!



YOU SEE, WE'RE GOING TO HOLD THE SERVICES IN OUR OWN PLACE! THAT'S WHY I WENT INTO TOWN TO FETCH MR. GRIGGS!

THANK YOU SO MUCH! BUT YOU MUST STAY AWHILE - AT LEAST UNTIL THE STORM BLOWS OVER!

WELL, IT IS RATHER UNCOMFORTABLE DRIVING!



DON'T BE A FOOL!  
GET OUT OF THIS  
ACCURSED CASTLE  
BEFORE IT  
IS TOO LATE!

GET OUT, I TELL YOU! THERE'S HATE  
HERE-- AND DEATH! EVERYBODY HATES  
EVERYBODY ELSE! EVEN MY BELOVED  
SISTER, LINDA, HATES HER OWN FIANCE!  
I KNOW, I TELL YOU, I KNOW!  
HA, HA, HA, HA!!

HARLEY, YOU DRUNKEN  
FOOL! I'LL TEACH YOU  
TO SAY SUCH VILE  
THINGS!

YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO  
THIS FAMILY! WHEN  
LINDA AND I GET  
MARRIED, YOU'RE  
GETTING OUT OF  
HERE!

LINDA WILL NEVER  
MARRY YOU, JIM EVANS!  
I SWEAR IT! YOU'RE A FORTUNE  
HUNTER! YOU FOOLED MY FATHER,  
AND MY STUPID SISTER-- BUT  
YOU DON'T FOOL ME!

SOMEONE ELSE  
ONCE WANTED TO MARRY  
LINDA..... TOM HARRIS!  
REMEMBER HIM? HE WAS  
SMART TOO BUT HE COULDN'T  
OUTSMART OUR FAMILY CURSE!

I'M SORRY FOR MY  
BROTHER'S RUDE-  
NESS! THE  
BUTLER WILL  
SHOW YOU  
GENTLEMEN  
TO YOUR  
QUARTERS! WE  
WILL HOLD SER-  
VICES WHEN YOU  
ARE READY MR.  
GRIGGS!



BOY... OF ALL THE SCREWY SET-UPS! TROUBLE'S GOING TO POP ANY MINUTE! I CAN ALMOST SMELL IT!

AT THAT MOMENT+

YOU! NO, NO! IT CAN'T BE..... YOU'RE... YOU'RE DEAD!!

OH, OH. HERE IT COMES!

AND THE HANGMAN'S GOING TO TRY TO FORESTALL IT!



GREAT SCOTT! I'M TOO LATE!

UGH!

I'VE GOT YOU— YOU KILLER!



WHEN THE HANGMAN COMES TO.....



O Ooo.... MY HEAD! WHAT A SUCKER I TURNED OUT TO BE!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE-- GOOD LORD! IT'S HARRIS THE BUTLER!

EEEE!! HE'S BEEN MURDERED!



NEVER MIND THE QUESTIONS!  
THERE'S A MURDERER  
LOOSE AND I INTEND  
TO CATCH  
HIM!

YOU---YOU'RE THE  
**HANGMAN!**  
HOW DID YOU  
GET HERE?

MEANWHILE, IN THE ROOM OF THE DISSOLUTE  
HARLEY SHORT.....



THE--- THE  
**HANGMAN'S**  
NOOSE!!

YES, HARLEY SHORT  
YOUR HANGMAN'S NOOSE,  
PERHAPS-FOR THE MURDER  
OF THE BUTLER!

YOU'RE CRAZY!  
I DIDN'T EVEN  
KNOW HE WAS  
DEAD!

REMARKABLE-COINCIDENCE,  
RIGHT AFTER YOUR THREATS  
ABOUT DEATH AND A  
**FAMILY CURSE** THAT  
SOMEONE LOOKING LIKE A  
CAVALIER SHOULD  
COMMIT MURDER!



GREAT LORD!  
THE **LAUGHING**  
CAVALIER  
RETURNED!



I WARNED THEM  
HE WOULD- BUT THEY  
LAUGHED! HE CAME BACK  
ONCE BEFORE FOR **TOM**  
**HARRIS!** THE CAVALIER  
WAS THE ORIGINAL OWNER  
OF THIS CASTLE, WHICH MY  
FATHER BROUGHT FROM  
ENGLAND STONE  
BY STONE!

**I**T ALL BEGAN CENTURIES  
AGO, WHEN THE CAVALIER  
WAS DEFENDING THIS CASTLE  
AGAINST A SIEGE FORCE  
COMMANDED BY HIS BITTER-  
EST ENEMY.....







WHO GOES THERE?  
OH, IT IS YOU,  
SQUIRE!

YES, MY LORD!  
I BRING YOU A  
DRINK TO RE-  
FRESH YOU!



YES, I COULD  
STAND ONE! THIS  
CONSTANT VIGIL IS  
EXHAUSTING ME!



AAAAARCH!  
POISON!  
YOU--- YOU--!



NOW I SHALL  
GIVE THE SIGNAL TO  
SHOW THE WAY  
IS CLEAR!



FEAR NOT MEN!  
I HAVE DISPOSED OF  
THE DUKE, AS I  
WAS BID!



WAIT! THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
WRONG!



HE'S DEAD!  
YOU FOOL! I  
TOLD YOU  
I DIDN'T  
WANT HIM  
KILLED!

YOU CHEATED ME OUT OF TORTURING MY BLOOD ENEMY.



UGH!

TAKE HIS FILTHY CARCASS AND BURY IT.



SURELY MILORD, YOU WON'T BURY THE DUKE LIKE AN ANIMAL! ONE OF ROYAL BLOOD CERTAINLY DESERVES AT LEAST THE LAST RITES.



SILENCE, YOU SWINE.



LET HIM ROT IN HIS COFFIN LIKE A PAGAN! THAT WILL GIVE ME SOME MEASURE OF VENGEANCE! FROM NOW ON THIS CASTLE IS MINE!



... BUT LATER, WHILE THE INVADING HORDE IS CAROUSING, THE PRIEST SNEAKED INTO THE MAUSOLEUM.....



OH NOBLE DUKE, YOUR WICKED ENEMY CHEATED YOU OF ETERNAL REST.... BUT IT SHALL BE YOUR DESTINY NEVER TO LET THIS CASTLE FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE INVADER!



AND THERE'S WHERE THE WANDERING SOUL OF THE LAUGHING CAVALIER RESTS TO THIS DAY.

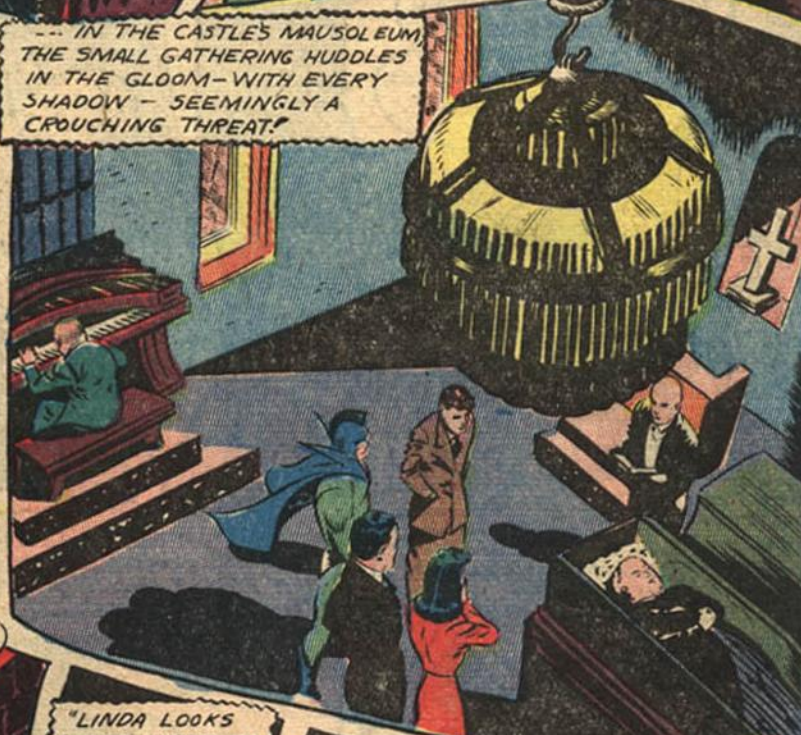
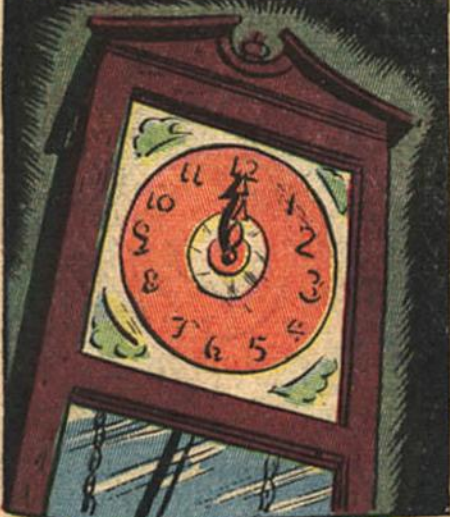


... FULFILLING HIS DESTINY TO THIS DAY - KEEPING OUT THE INVADER ... ONLY THIS TIME THE INVADERS ARE FORTUNE HUNTERS! LIKE TOM HARRIS AND JIMEVANS, TRYING TO TAKE THE CASTLE AWAY FROM MY FAMILY! TOM ALREADY PAID WITH HIS LIFE!



... THEN THE GREAT CLOCK TOLLS 12 -- TIME FOR THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF ROBERT SHORT --

... IN THE CASTLE'S MAUSOLEUM, THE SMALL GATHERING HUDDLES IN THE GLOOM - WITH EVERY SHADOW - SEEMINGLY A CROUCHING THREAT!



BOY, THAT LAUGHING CAVALIER YARN'S GOT ME JITTERY! SOMETHING'S GOING TO POP ANY MINUTE! I FEEL IT IN MY BONES!



"LINDA LOOKS MORE WORRIED THAN GRIEF-STRIKEN."



"JIM EVANS KEEPS LOOKING AROUND FURTIVELY"



"AND HARLEY HASN'T STOPPED LOOKING AT GRIGGS THE ORGANIST."



THEN, AS THE ORGAN BREAKS INTO A MELANCHOLY, REFRAIN, THE HANGMAN LOOKS UP AND SEES-----

SUDDENLY----

WATCH OUT!  
THE CHANDELIER IS FALLING!

SAY, THAT CHANDELIER'S WOBBLING IN A FUNNY WAY?

UGH-- EVANS IS CRUSHED TO A PULP!

MAYBE THIS IS A GHOSTS WORK AND MAYBE NOT?

BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT FOR SURE!

HMM-- A WIRE LEADING TO THE CHANDELIER HOOK. I'LL TRACE IT AND SEE WHERE IT LEADS!





WELL, I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING ALL RIGHT... THAT WAS A PRETTY STORY YOU GAVE ME, HARLEY, ABOUT THE LAUGHING CAVALIER- FOR A MOMENT YOU ALMOST HAD ME FOOLED!

WH--- WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



YOU-- YOU'RE THE MURDERER, HARLEY! O.H. YOU HATEFUL BEAST!

YOU'RE CRAZY, LINDA. I DIDN'T KILL ANYBODY!



HE'S RIGHT, LINDA! HE'S NOT THE MURDERER!

WHAT? THEN WHO IS?

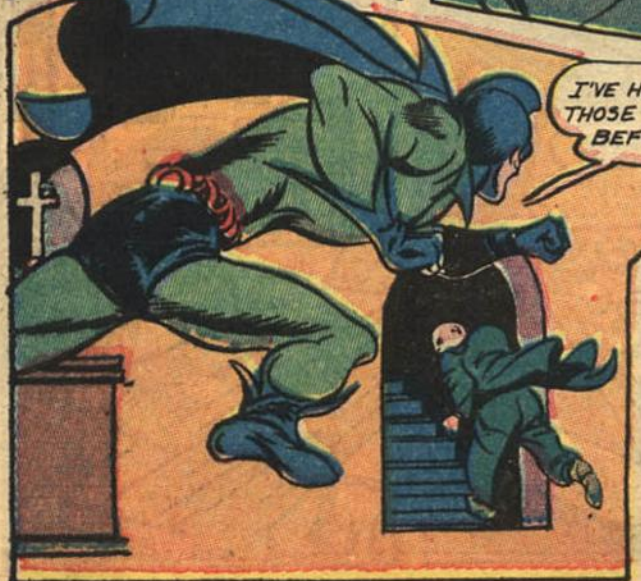
I TOLD YOU WHO- THE LAUGHING CAVALIER!



NO, HARLEY! IT'S GRIGGS, THE ORGANIST!



YES, CONFOUND YOU, HANGMAN! I'M THE MURDERER- BUT I'M TOO CLEVER TO BE CAUGHT!



I'VE HEARD THOSE WORDS BEFORE!



SUDDENLY THE ORGANIST STOPS SHORT, WHEELS AND.....

THAT DEVIL!  
THERE MUST BE  
SOME WAY TO  
ESCAPE HIM!  
THERE  
MUST BE!!

THAT BELFRY  
ROPE!  
IF I CAN  
CATCH IT, I MIGHT  
BE ABLE TO SWING  
TOWARD THAT EXIT!

HA, HA, HA!  
I'VE OUTWITTED  
YOU HANGMAN!  
I'VE OUT---UGH---

GOOD LORD!  
HE'S GOING  
TO MISS!

YOU'RE DYING GRIGGS!  
YOU MIGHT AS WELL  
CONFESS ALL!  
WHY  
DID YOU MURDER  
THOSE PEOPLE?

LOOK AT ME, LINDA!  
LOOK CLOSELY!  
DO YOU REMEMBER THE MAN YOU  
ONCE LOVED?  
THE MAN WHO WAS  
DETERMINED TO KEEP YOU FROM  
MARRYING ME, 'ACCIDENTALLY' RAN  
ME DOWN WITH HIS CAR AND LEFT  
ME FOR DEAD!

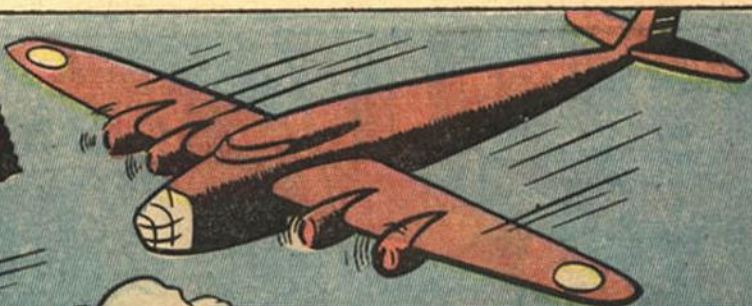
YES, TOM HARRIS!  
BUT I DIDN'T DIE!  
I LIVED,  
TO BECOME THIS HORRIBLE  
MISSHAPEN CREATURE-----  
AND I SWORE VENGEANCE  
ON YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY, EVEN  
YOU LINDA---I WAS SORRY TO  
MURDER THE BUTLER, BUT I  
HAD TO. HE RECOGNIZED ME!

HE'S DEAD!  
HIS  
DIABOLICALLY CLEVER  
PLAN MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED  
IF I HADN'T TRACED THAT  
WIRE FROM THE CHANDELIER  
TO HIS ORGAN!  
BUT  
LIKE ALL CRIMINALS,  
HIS FIRST MISTAKE  
WAS HIS LAST!

YOU  
T-TOM  
HARRIS?



# WORLD WONDERS



## FLYING TANK CARS

AMERICA'S HEAVY BOMBERS  
CARRY MORE GASOLINE THAN  
A RAILROAD TANK CAR!

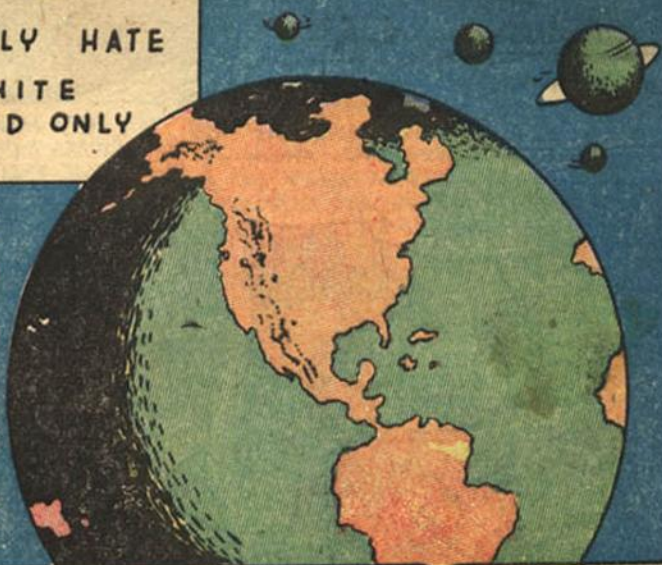
WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW?



**R**OBINS ARE NOT  
ROBBINS AT ALL BUT  
BELONG TO THE  
THRUSH FAMILY!

**ELEPHANTS** USUALLY HATE  
THE ODOR OF A WHITE  
MAN AND WILL RESPOND ONLY  
TO A NATIVE,

AN EXTREME SHORTAGE  
OF ALUMINUM EXISTS IN  
THE UNITED STATES ... YET  
**7%** OF THE ENTIRE EARTH'S  
CRUST IS ALUMINUM!



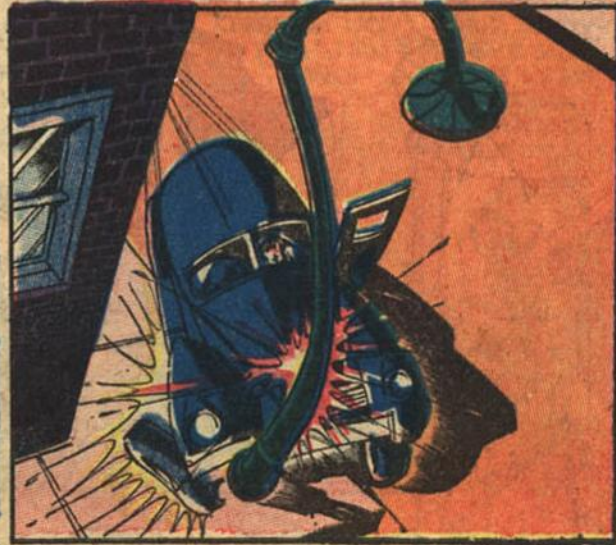
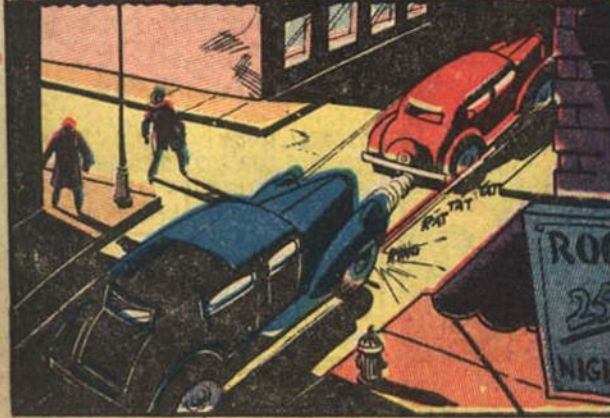
# The HANGMAN

SPECIAL  
CASE  
#  
18

in CRIME DOES NOT... **PLAY!**



**WILD CHASE ALONG THE MURKY WATERFRONT STREETS BETWEEN THE POLICE AND A FLEEING RACKETEER CZAR! THEN, A BULLET FINDS ITS MARK IN ONE OF THE POLICE TIRES, AND ---**





THAT DID IT!  
NOW TO GET  
TO MY SPEED-  
BOAT!

NOT SO FAST,  
WAXY!

YOU AIN'T GONNA STOP  
MY GET-  
AWAY  
HANGMAN!



THIS IS YOUR  
FINISH!  
SEE?



YOU CAN PUT  
YOUR GUNS  
UP, BOYS!  
WAXY SHULTZ  
WON'T GIVE  
YOU ANY  
TROUBLE!

HANGMAN! YOU  
NABBED  
HIM! BUT  
HOW?

EASY ENOUGH! I'VE ALWAYS  
KNOWN WAXY HAD THIS  
SPEEDBOAT FOR A GET-  
AWAY WHEN THINGS GOT  
TOO HOT! WHEN I HEARD  
THE POLICE WERE AFTER  
HIM --- I WAITED HERE!



MORNING STAR  
**EXTRA**  
WAXY SHULTZ PUB-  
LIC ENEMY NO. 1  
CAPTURED BY  
HANGMAN

THRILLING  
CHASE CLIMAXED  
BY CAPTURE

QUICK TRIAL  
TO BE GIVEN  
- CZAR OF  
UNDERWORLD

THIS CITY WAS  
WITNESS TO  
ONE OF THE  
MOST

AT LAST THE  
LAW HAS CAUGHT  
UP WITH THE  
SLIPPERY IIIH

WAXY SHULTZ, I YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY ON ALL COUNTS! IT IS MY GREAT PLEASURE TO SENTENCE YOU TO-----



LIFE IMPRISONMENT!

SUITS ME, JUDGE! I NEED A REST ANYWAY!



SAY! FOR AGUY WHO JUST HAD THE BOOK THROWN AT HIM YOU SOUND PRETTY COOL!

SURE, MOUTH-PIECE! WHY GET EXCITED! BAD FOR THE HEART!



LATER- IN THE OFFICE OF THE PRISON WARDEN---

YOU WERE A BIG SHOT WITH YOUR MOB, BUT HERE YOU'RE JUST PLAIN NO. 17253!



AND ANY TROUBLE OUT OF YOU--

ME! TROUBLE! I WOULDN'T THINK OF IT, WARDEN! I WUZ GONNA RETIRE SOON, ANYHOW- AND THIS JOINT IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY!



I DON'T LIKE IT, PADDY! THIS GUY IS ACTING TOO CUTE! I WONDER IF HE'S GOT SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE!

SURE WARDEN! HIS ARM! AND ONE WRONG MOVE AND I'LL YANK IT RIGHT OFFA HIM! DON'T WORRY, SHULTZ IS HERE TO STAY!



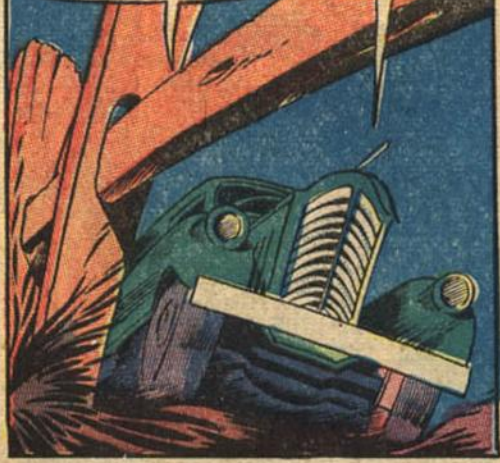
I'VE GOT THEM WORRIED, HA, HA, HA! AND IF THEY KNEW WHAT MY PLANS WERE, THEY'D BE MORE WORRIED!



SOME DAYS LATER, THE WARDEN GETS INTO HIS CAR TO BE DRIVEN INTO TOWN--

WHAT'S THE MATTER DRIVER? WHY ARE YOU SLOWING UP? THERE'S A LOG ACROSS THE ROAD, WARDEN!

SUDDENLY, THE DEADLY SNOOT OF A MACHINE GUN IS THRUST THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH BORDERING THE ROADSIDE, AND ----



--- UNCONTROLLED, THE CAR HURTTLES THROUGH THE FENCE, AND AS IT CRASHES TO A HALT----

HIYA, WARDEN OL' BOY, YOU GOT YOURSELF A NEW CHAUF- FEUR!---- ME! YOU CRAZY KILLER! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, BUT----

SHUT UP, AN' GIT IN THE FRONT WID ME. WHERE I KIN KEEP AN EYE ON YOU! I GOT A COUPLE O' PALS WHO ARE DYIN' TO MEET YOU!



WELL, WELL---IF IT AIN'T WAXY'S LIL' PLAYMATE--THE WARDEN!

SHUT UP, BUGG- SY!--C'MON IN WAR- DEN!

MIGHT AS WELL MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME, WAR- DEN, YER GON- NA BE HERE A LONG TIME!

ARE YOU MAD? EVERY COP IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE LOOKING FOR ME, SOON!



OH, NO DEY WON'T, WARDEN!  
TAKE A LOOK AT DESE MOVIN'  
PICTURES! RECOGNIZE DE GUY,  
WARDEN?

WHY TH--THAT'S  
ME!



RIGHT! WAXY HAD DEM TAKEN!  
HE KNEW IF HE WUZ PINCHED  
HE'D WIND UP IN YOUR  
COOLER! SO HE'S HAD A  
DOUBLE READY  
TO STEP IN--  
TO YOUR  
SHOES!



THAT'S ME, WARDEN! I'VE STUD-  
IED EVERY ONE OF YOUR  
CHARACTERISTICS!  
NOBODY  
COULD TELL  
US APART!



THAT NIGHT---

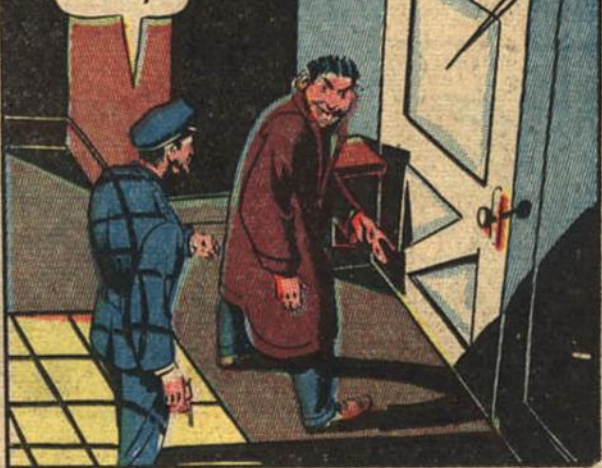
WARDEN WANTS TO  
SEE YOU, SHULTZ!

I THOUGHT HE WOULD!  
HEH, HEH, HEH!



WHADDA YOU MEAN BY THAT  
CRACK! HOW'D YOU KNOW  
HE'D WANT TO SEE  
YOU?

MY WOMANLY  
INTUITION,  
COPPER!



WELL, HELLO SHULTZ!  
THAT WAS A NEAT LITTLE  
PLAN YOU HAD! LET  
ME CONGRATULATE  
YOU!  
WHA--  
WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN?



YOU KNOW DARNED WELL WHAT I  
MEAN-- BUT  
IT DIDN'T  
WORK!

EASY,  
RAT!

WHY  
YOU--!



ALL RIGHT, BOYS--I WANT  
TO HAVE A TALK WITH  
SHULTZ -- ALONE! YOU  
CAN GO BACK TO YOUR  
POSTS!



DON'T ARGUE!  
I CAN HANDLE  
THIS THUG IF  
HE GETS  
TOUGH!

OKAY, WARDEN!  
YOU'RE THE  
BOSS!

WELL, WAXY! HOW'D YOU LIKE MY  
ACT! I HAD YOU FOOLED, DIDN'T  
I? YA REALLY THOUGHT I WUZ  
THE WARDEN!

WHY, YOU DIRTY RAT! I  
DON'T LIKE  
THOSE KINDA  
JOKES!  
NIX, BOSS!  
I WUZ ONLY  
HAVIN' A  
LITTLE FUN--  
AAARRRAH--

I--(GASP)--DIDN'T  
THINK YOU'D BE  
SO TOUCHY--(ROUGH)  
ALL RIGHT LET'S  
BLOW THIS JOINT!

WAIT A MINUTE, PARROT!  
MAYBE YA GOT SOME-  
THIN THERE AT THAT!  
YA REALLY DID HAVE  
ME FOOLED!

YER ACT IS TOO GOOD TO WASTE,  
PARROT! WE'RE STICKIN' AROUND  
THIS JOINT FER AWHILE, YET!

YOU GET EVERY  
GUARD IN HERE  
AN' LEAVE THE  
REST TO ME!

O--OKAY,  
WAXY!

WONDER WHAT  
THE WARDEN  
WANTS US  
FOR IN  
SUCH A  
RUSH!

MAYBE HE  
GOT WIND  
OF A  
BREAK!

YEAH--  
GUESS  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT!

WHEN ALL THE GUARDS ARE GATHERED--- WELL, WELL -- LOOKS LIKE OLD-HOME WEEK!



WH--WHA--WAXY!

OKAY, COPPERS-- LINE UP AGAINST THE WALL -- ALL OF YOU!



WH--WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO, SHULTZ?

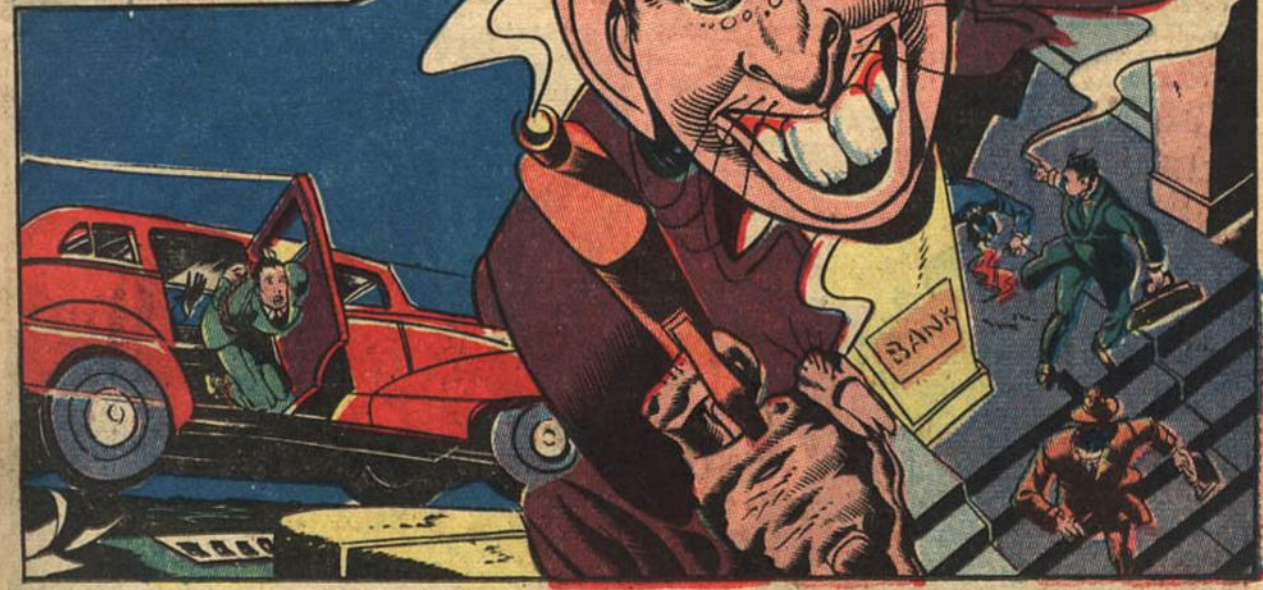
THIS!



NOT BAD, EH PARROT! NOW GET THE MOB DOWN HERE! THE OLD SHULTZ GANG IS IN BUSINESS AGAIN-- WITH NEW HEAD-QUARTERS!



AND SO, OPERATING WITH THE STATE PENITENTIARY AS HIS HIDEOUT WAXY SHULTZ AND HIS MOB SWOOP DOWN LIKE BLOODY VULTURES IN A CRIME WAVE THAT ROCKS THE COUNTRY!



IN THE NEWS PAPER OFFICE WHERE THELMA GORDON WORKS AS A REPORTER---

READING ABOUT THOSE CRIMES, BOB

YES, THEL!

THE QUEER PART OF THIS MOB IS THAT A NUMBER OF PEOPLE HAVE IDENTIFIED THE LEADER AS WAXY SHULTZ!

--AND YET EVERYTIME THE POLICE CHECK WITH THE PENITENTIARY 'WAXY'S STILL BEHIND BARS!

EXCUSE ME, BOB, THE PHONE!

YES!-- THIS IS THE SENTINEL! WHAT! A ROBBERY AT THE FEDERAL BANK! WHY DON'T YOU CALL THE POLICE?

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS LADY! YA CAN TAKE THIS TIP OR LEAVE IT! I DON'T LIKE COPPERS, SEE! BUT I LIKE THIS #G\*!!? WHO'S GONNA PULL THIS JOB, EVEN LESS-- SO LONG!

BOB-- DID YOU-- WHY! HE'S GONE!

MEANWHILE, AT THE FEDERAL BANK---

FEDERAL BANK

KEEP 'EM UP, AND NO NOISE-- IF YA DONT WANT YER TEETH FILLED-- WID LEAD!

**S**UDDENLY AN UNINVITED GUEST MAKES A DRAMATIC ENTRANCE FROM AN UPPER STORY WINDOW--THE HANGMAN!



YOU BOYS HAVE BEEN PLAYING COPS AND ROBBERS FOR A LONG TIME!



--- BUT NOW WE'LL PLAY IT THE REAL WAY--- WITH COPS!



JUST A MINUTE YOU!-- LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT WHAT'S UNDER-NEATH THAT HANDKERCHIEF!



WAXY SHULTZ!

BLAST YOU, HANGMAN!



...TAKE DAT!



**W**HILE THE HANGMAN IS UNCONSCIOUS THE GUNMEN MAKE GOOD THEIR GET-AWAY!



**A**ND WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE SOON AFTER---





--AND IT WAS WAXY SHULTZ, I TELL YOU!

DO WE HAFTA GO THRU ALL THAT AGAIN, HANGMAN! WE'VE CHECKED ON HIM A DOZEN TIMES! HE'S BEHIND BARS, I TELL YA!



I DON'T BLAME THEM FOR NOT BELIEVING ME--BUT JUST THE SAME, THE HANGMAN'S GOING TO DO SOME PERSONAL CHECKING!



HERE IT IS ---AND EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE QUIET ENOUGH!



--NIX! YA CAN'T GET IN TO SEE DE WARDEN TONIGHT! HE'S TOO BUSY! NOW BEAT IT!



HMM--I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE MUCH CHOICE!

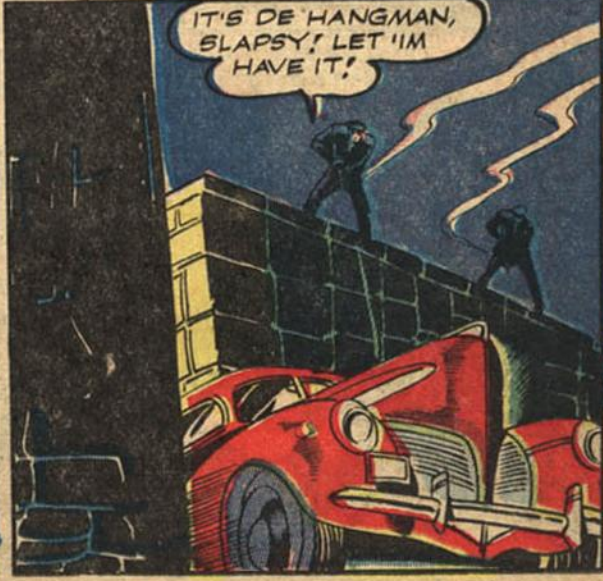


WELL, I'D KNOW THAT FACE ANYWHERE--BUGGSY MOILAN! ONE OF SHULTZ'S MOB!

BUT INSTEAD OF DRIVING AWAY THE HANGMAN SUDDENLY WHEELS HIS CAR ABOUT AND HURTTLES IT PAST THE PARALYZED GUARD RIGHT THRU THE PRISON GATE----



IT'S DE HANGMAN, SLAPSY! LET 'IM HAVE IT!



THE HANGMAN'S SHUT UP! I'LL GET THAT GUY WISE TO OUR SET-UP, I TELL YA, WAXY! WE BETTER LAM OUTTA HERE!



SHUT UP! I'LL GET THAT GUY BEFORE HE-- I'LL ANSWER THE PHONE!

WHAT! THE HANGMAN HERE! YOU STUPID CRUMBS! HOW'D YOU LET 'IM GET PAST THE GATE?



OKAY--MAYBE I'M GLAD HE'S HERE AT THAT! THIS TIME HE STUCK HIS NECK OUT TOO FAR!



---AND SO DID YOU, WAXY! YOU STUCK YOUR NECK RIGHT INTO THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE!



THE... THE HANGMAN!

I'M WISE TO YOUR SET-UP NOW-- VERY CLEVER GETTING A PHONEY WARDEN IN HERE -AND YOUR MOB IN AS GUARDS!



THAT MEANS YOU MUST HAVE MURDERED THE REAL GUARDS--AND YOU'RE GOING TO SWING FOR THAT IF NOTHING ELSE!



TRY AN' GET ME HANGMAN!

OKAY! YOU ASKED FOR IT!



AND YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT WITHOUT ASKING!

GLM-M-M-PHNY!

FOOTSTEPS!--THOSE PHONEY GUARDS MUST'VE HEARD THE FIGHTING! I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!

I'LL BE WATCHING YOU FROM THE NEXT ROOM, "WARDEN" WITH THIS GUN POINTING AT YOUR HEART! SO BE SURE AND SAY THE RIGHT THING!

HAVEN'T SPOT-  
TED THE HANGMAN  
YET, PARROT!  
WHAT WUZ THAT  
NOISE I HOID  
IN HERE?

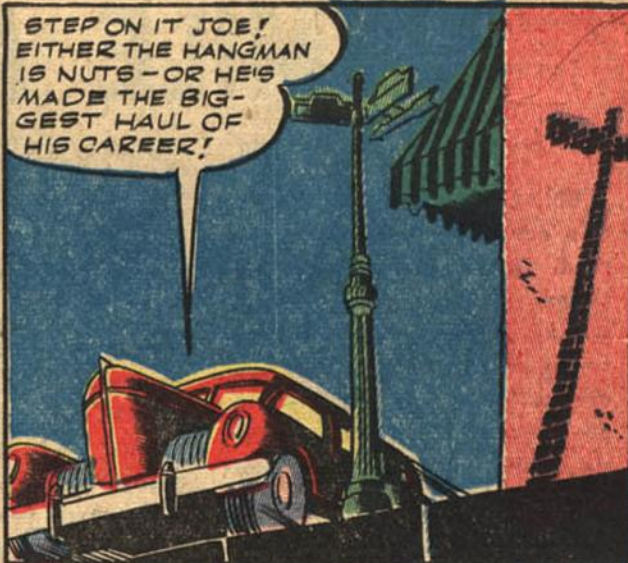
N--NOTHIN'!  
J--JUST  
SLIPPED!

K--KEEP THE BOYS  
LOOKIN' FOR HIM! HE---  
HE'S AROUND, C--CLOSE  
BY, I'M POSITIVE!

ALMOST SLIPPED THAT TIME,  
PARROT! NOW, I'LL CALL UP  
A COUPLE OF MY FRIENDS!  
THEY'D LOVE TO  
MEET YOU-- I  
KNOW!



WHASSAT HANGMAN! ARE YOU KIDDIN'? USIN' THE STATE JAIL AS HEADQUARTERS! IT'S-- IT'S UNBELIEVABLE--- OKAY--- OKAY! HANG ONTO 'EM! WE'LL BE RIGHT THERE!



STEP ON IT JOE! EITHER THE HANGMAN IS NUTS-- OR HE'S MADE THE BIGGEST HAUL OF HIS CAREER!



LATER, THAT EVENING-- **WUXTRY!** READ ALL ABOUT IT! HANGMAN NABS SHULTZ MOB!



STAR TRIBUNE ☆  
**WAXY SHULTZ AND MOB USING PRISON AS HIDEOUT CAPTURED BY HANGMAN**  
KIDNAPPED WARDEN FOUND UNHARMED  
STATE GUARDS BUTCHERED  
A QUICK TRIAL IS TO BE GIVEN SHULTZ AND HIS GANG FOR THE MOST GHASTLY CRIME EVER COMMITTED IN THE HISTORY OF THIS COUNTRY!  
RUSSIANS TAKE NAZI STRONGHOLD  
FIGHTING RA...



...AND SO, SOME SHORT WEEKS LATER-- WAXY SHULTZ! THE JURY HAS COME TO A VERY QUICK DECISION AS TO THE FATE OF YOU AND YOUR HENCHMEN! I AM HAPPY TO SENTENCE YOU ALL ---



...TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD! AND MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR BLACK SOULS!

THE END

# A SMILE AND A NOD

**F**INALLY, after two hours, a car was coming down the road. Joe started to wave his thumb slowly, methodically, staring at the windshield and trying to catch the eyes of the driver. That was the way to do it—catch their eyes. After six years you came to know certain tricks.

Six years was a long time, and Joe had come a long way. He looked older than twenty-four now, and that was because he had seen so much in those six years. He had escaped from the reformatory by slamming one of the guards in the head with a baseball bat. He was smart enough to stay put for three weeks before breaking out of the city. He was smart enough to fool the cops. When he did get away, he got away right. He made the Coast in five days by freight train.

There was an Aunt out on the Coast, and she had helped Joe. She didn't have much, but she was alone, and what little she had she was willing to share. At night she used to talk to Joe, and she used to say things that made him listen, that made his eyes fill and his lips tremble. She made him see right from wrong.

He went out and got himself a job. It was a tough job, a miserable job, but he worked at it, worked hard. Then, a week after he was promoted they laid him off. They didn't give a reason. They just laid him off. Two weeks after that

his Aunt died. A lawyer came and explained that she owed money. Joe wasn't arguing. He went away.

He got another job, lost it, went up to Oregon, worked for awhile and then took a long chance and came East. They picked him up in Ohio, more than three years after his escape. He didn't think they remembered that long. But he found out. Two men picked him up and were taking him to the police station, when he jumped out of the automobile and ducked away. Joe was fast and smart.

And so that was the story. He had to keep on the move. He couldn't stay in one place for long. It was drift and stop, drift and stop. Sometimes he worked, sometimes he ate only by charity. But he never stole. He never did anything to hurt anybody. At night he would look up at the sky and remember his Aunt, remember the things she had told him.

There is a difference between right and wrong and yet at the same time there is a difference between eating and not eating, and slowly this idea began to grow in Joe. As the years began to flick by, faster and more painfully, he began to realize that he was missing something. He was missing not only a clean bed and cooked food—he was missing something bigger.

He was missing too much!

It had to impress itself upon him sometime, and it was work-

ing on him now as that car came down the road. He was telling himself that he had put up with too much, that if he wanted the better things, he would have to get them in only one way—

"Come on, come on—stop, you louse," he murmured, and he smiled dimly as the car came to a stop with a shrieking of brakes.

It was a big black touring car, and the man driving it wore a light tan overcoat and a felt hat. The man was about 50. He smiled at Joe and said, "Goin' far?"

Joe got in, nodded. As he sat down he felt in his back pocket, slowly pulled out the penknife and waited. From the corner of his eye he sized up the driver and then looked at the flashy dashboard of the big car. Everything looked nice and easy, except that it was going to be a little tough pulling something like this with the car doing 70 and going faster each minute.

"You're in a hurry," Joe said.

The man nodded. He looked at Joe and then he jerked his head away, stared through the windshield.

Joe slowly slid the knife toward the man, and then he pressed it up against the man's side and said, "Slow down and keep going straight. Open the door and slide out, or else I'll put this into you."

The man's jaw muscles became knots of stone. His fingers gripped the wheel hard. Joe said, "Just one move, mister—just one move and I'll put the knife into you. I'm a hungry guy, and I'm not kidding around."

"Okay, kid," the driver said, "if you want to do business that way—"

"Shut up," Joe said. "Slow down and open the door and roll out when I tell you to."

"Look kid, maybe we don't have to go to all this trouble. Maybe I can see things your way and—"

"If you don't hurry up and see things my way the knife goes into you and ends your worries. Now—"

From behind the big billboards and the bushes fringing the concrete just ahead, four motorcycles shot into the center of the road. They moved toward the car, and the cops had revolvers in their hands,

"What the hell is this?" said Joe.

"A farewell party, kid. They are after me. Two weeks ago I

got out of the state pen—killed a couple of guards and then robbed a bank a few days later. It was only a question of time, and now they got me. The only reason I picked you up was to kidnap you, use you as a shield in case we ran into trouble."

The motorcycles were getting near now. One of the cops fired in the air, a warning.

"What you gonna do?" Joe said.

"I ain't got a thing to lose, kid. You ain't neither—now. You probably got a record yourself. And if they catch you with me—"

He ducked low in the seat and put the accelerator down to the floor. Joe yelled in fear and shock. He ducked also. He could hear the motor screaming and he could hear bullets, he could see the flash as a bullet passed in front of his eyes and then he heard the man beside him screaming. After that he fell into darkness.

The big man with the shield on his lapel took a long puff and said, "Well, the young fellow's entitled to half the reward, as I see it. Doske picked

him up to kidnap him, he says, and that's a logical story. Besides, he'll be in the hospital another two weeks, and he'll carry that scar on his face for the rest of his life. I say we give him the two grand."

The other men nodded. The big man took another long puff and picked up the telephone. He called the hospital and he asked to speak to Joe.

Joe didn't say much. He just listened. When he put down the receiver he looked up at the white ceiling and smiled dimly through the bandages. He saw his Aunt up there on the ceiling and he said to her with his eyes, I lied to the cops, Aunt. Not only that—I would have put my knife into that guy. I would have robbed him. But look, Aunt—I been getting the wrong side of the deal for so long, and now I've got a break. I can take that dough, put it into something, get started right and do the right thing, the things you used to tell me about. That'll be okay, won't it, Aunt, won't it?

And his Aunt smiled, and nodded.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGER, AND EDITOR OF THE "HANGMAN" FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH, 1942, AS REQUIRED BY SECTION 1103 OF THE ACT OF OCTOBER 3, 1917, AND MARCH 3, 1933.  
OF HANGMAN COMPANY, published quarterly at Holyoke, Mass., for October 1st, 1942.  
State of New York

1. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Louis H. Silberkleit, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the publisher of HANGMAN COMPANY, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and if a daily paper, the circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 1103, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Louis H. Silberkleit, 140 West Broadway, New York City; editor, Harry Shorten, 140 West Broadway, New York City; managing editor, John L. Goldwater, 140 West Broadway, New York

City; business manager, Louis H. Silberkleit, 140 West Broadway, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) M. L. J. Magazines, Inc., 140 West Broadway, New York City; Louis H. Silberkleit, 140 West Broadway, New York City; Maurice Coyne, 140 West Broadway, New York City; John L. Goldwater, 140 West Broadway, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the

books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, in paid subscription during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

LOUIS H. SILBERKLEIT

(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1942. Maurice Coyne, City Commissionaire (Expires March 30, 1944.)

[SEAL]

# The HANGMAN

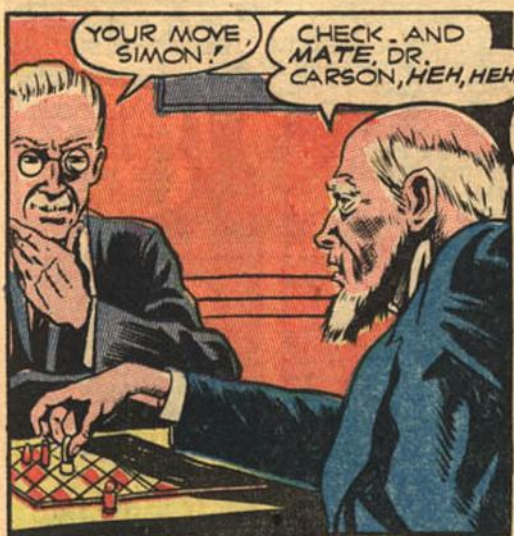
SPECIAL CASE NO. 18.

## MURDER WORE A SUIT



*ST*  
WAS A VERY ORDINARY LOOKING SUIT... OLD FASHIONED AND SEAMY! BUT IT WAS THE STRANGEST INSTRUMENT OF DEATH IN THE ARSENAL OF THE MISERLY MILLIONAIRE, **SIMON STARR!** ONLY A SUIT! BUT TO THOSE RELATIVES, CLUTCHED BY THE FINGERS OF AVARICE AS THEY WAITED FOR STARR TO DIE! IT WAS TO BE A MESSAGE OF DOOM! AN INVITATION FOR THE HANGMAN TO FIT HIS NOOSE AROUND THE NECK OF THE WEIRD MURDERER. THAT STALKED THE HOUSEHOLD !!

COOPER



YOUR MOVE, SIMON!

CHECK, AND MATE, DR. CARSON, HEH, HEH!

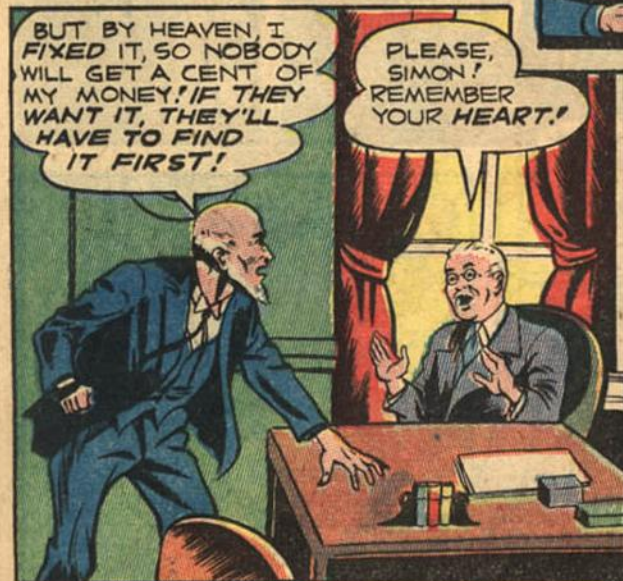


I'VE CHECKMATED YOU.. JUST LIKE I'M GOING TO CHECKMATE THE BUZZARDS WAITING FOR ME TO DIE!

NOW, SIMON LET'S NOT GO INTO THAT AGAIN! I THINK YOU'RE ALL WRONG! NOBODY WANTS YOU TO DIE!



SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, DR. CARSON! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO GETS PAID, AS LONG AS I LIVE! HEH, HEH,.. BUT I'LL GO SOON ANYWAY MY TIME IS SOON UP, AND I KNOW IT!



BUT BY HEAVEN, I FIXED IT, SO NOBODY WILL GET A CENT OF MY MONEY! IF THEY WANT IT, THEY'LL HAVE TO FIND IT FIRST!

PLEASE, SIMON! REMEMBER YOUR HEART!



BAH... STOP CLUCKING OVER ME, GET OUT! GET OUT, I SAY!

ALL RIGHT! I'LL GO, SIMON! YOU'RE ALL UPSET, NOW! GOODNIGHT! GIVE ME A CALL IF YOU NEED ME !!



YOUR NEPHEW TO SEE YOU, SIR!

ALL RIGHT! SEND IN THE YOUNG SCOUNDREL, PARKER!



COME HERE BEGGING FOR MONEY, I SUPPOSE! WELL, YOU CAN'T HAVE A CENT! NOT ONE CENT!

UNCLE SIMON, YOU OLD MISER, I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF YOUR FILTHY MONEY! I CAME HERE TO INQUIRE AFTER YOUR HEALTH! NOW I'M SORRY I DID!!



**BOSH!** DON'T TRY TO HOODWINK ME YOU YOUNG SCAMP! IT'S MY **BAD HEALTH** YOU'RE INTERESTED.. NOT MY **GOOD HEALTH!** NOW I'M GOING TO **BED!** GOOD NIGHT!!

I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU UNCLE! YOUR WEALTH HAS MADE YOU MISERABLE! YOU'VE **HOARDED** IT ALL YOUR LIFE.. AND NOW THAT YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED, YOU'D LIKE TO TAKE IT WITH YOU.. IF YOU COULD!!

YOUR EVENING SEDATIVE, SIR!

ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT. GIVE IT TO ME, AND GET OUT!



LATER THAT EVENING...

ROSE! GET DR. CARSON! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO MR. STARR!

YES, DR. CARSON! IT'S MR. STARR! HIS HEART I THINK! HURRY!



HELLO, ROSE.. SO IT HAPPENED AT LAST, EH? WHERE IS HE?

RIGHT UPSTAIRS, DR. CARSON!

I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN SOONER OR LATER! I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

GOOD LORD! I'M AFRAID I AM!!



NO PULSE... RESPIRATION STOPPED! YES! HE'S DEAD ALLRIGHT!

OBVIOUSLY HE HAD A STROKE! I'LL ARRANGE FOR THE BURIAL AT ONCE!

YES, SIR! YES, DR. CARSON!



OH, BY THE WAY, ROSE, HAVE YOU SEEN THE MASTER'S FULL DRESS SUIT??

WHY, I SENT IT TO THE CLEANERS!

WHAT? WHO TOLD YOU TO DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT? SINCE WHEN DID YOU BECOME MR. STARR'S VALET?

ER... I'M A LITTLE UPSET, THAT'S ALL! WHAT'S THE ADDRESS OF THAT CLEANER, ROSE?

SAY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHAT ARE YOU GETTING SO EXCITED ABOUT??

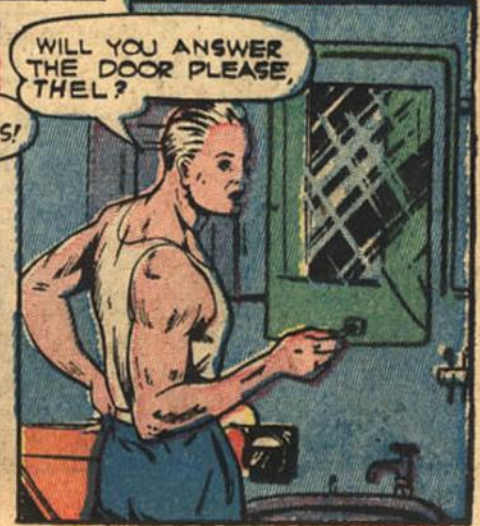


AT THAT MOMENT IN THE HOME OF BOB DICKERING!..

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! STOP RUSHING ME THELMA! I'M HURRYING AS MUCH AS I CAN!

AND WE WOMEN ARE SUPPOSED TO BE LATE IN OUR APPOINTMENTS!

WILL YOU ANSWER THE DOOR PLEASE, THEL?



YOUR DRESS SUIT'S HERE AT LAST, BOB!

CONFOUND THAT STUPID TAILOR! HE SENT ME THE WRONG SUIT!

OH, BOB! WE'LL NEVER GET TO THAT PARTY NOW!!

WELL THIS IS MY CLEANER! I'LL BAWL HIM OUT PLENTY FOR THAT BLUNDER!



I DIDN'T STEAL IT, I TELL YOU! DON'T HIT ME.. PLEASE!

YOU FILTHY LIAR... GIVE ME THAT SUIT, OR...

I'LL KILL YOU... SO HELP ME... KILL YOU IF YOU DON'T TELL ME THE TRUTH!



HEY! WHAT GOES ON IN THERE??



AAARGH!!



WHOA THERE, TOUGH GUY... I'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT ANY KILLINGS!



CRASH!

WELL, LOOKS LIKE I TOOK SOME STARCH OUT OF THAT GUY! WHO IS HE, SAM?



MR. SIMON STARR'S BUTLER.. HE CAME IN FOR MR. STARR'S SUIT! AND WHEN I TOLD HIM I SENT IT TO YOU BY MISTAKE, MR. DICKERING, HE WENT CRAZY! DID YOU BRING HIS SUIT BACK!



YES! AND I THINK I'M GOING TO DELIVER IT PERSONALLY... HOW ABOUT IT, THEL?



THE HECK WITH THE PARTY! I'M WITH YOU, BOB!

WELL.. IF IT ISN'T OUR PUGNACIOUS FRIEND! HERE'S THE SUIT YOU WERE SO ANXIOUS TO GET! WHAT'S THE MATTER? IS MR. STARR GOING TO A WEDDING?

OH, HELLO, SIR! I'M AWFULLY SORRY I LOST MY HEAD!



YOU SEE, MR. STARR DIED A LITTLE WHILE AGO... AND I'M NOT MYSELF! THE RELATIVES ARE GATHERED RIGHT NOW FOR THE WILL READING!



*Inside*

HMM.. SIMON STARR THE QUEER RECLUSE DEAD, EH? MIND IF WE GO IN? THIS YOUNG LADY IS A REPORTER AND THIS MIGHT MAKE A STORY FOR HER!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WE ALL KNOW MY UNCLE HAD MONEY! THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS!



WELL, YOU FIND IT THEN! AS HIS LAWYER I KNOW HE KEPT NOTHING IN THE BANK, AND THERE ISN'T EVEN A WILL DRAWN UP.. FOR ME TO EXECUTE !!!

IT'S A TRICK! THAT OLD MISER HID HIS MONEY, AND IT'S UP TO YOU TO FIND IT!





LORDY! THEY CERTAINLY ARE IN A TERRIFIC FUROR, AREN'T THEY?

IT'S A QUAINT HABIT WITH DISAPPOINTED RELATIVES.. YOU KEEP WATCH, THEL, WHILE I GO UP- STAIRS AND LOOK AROUND!

HMM... FUNNY NOBODY GOT AROUND TO PREPARE THE BODY FOR THE BURIAL!



SAY... WHAT'S THIS LYING BY STARR'S CHAIR! LOOKS LIKE HE WAS READING A BOOK BEFORE HE DIED... WONDER WHY PART OF THE PAGE HAS BEEN TORN AWAY??



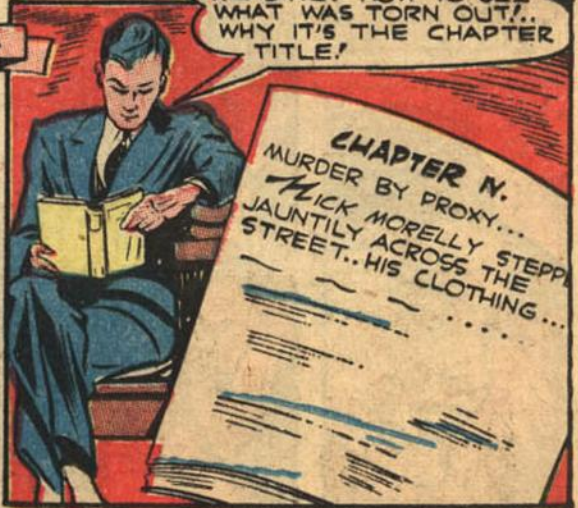
THIS IS PROBABLY ALL A PIPE DREAM OF MINE! AND YET THAT BUTLER'S PECULIAR BEHAVIOR... AND THE MISSING MONEY... ANYWAY, I STARTED SNOOPING AND I'M GOING TO FOLLOW THROUGH!

AND SO SOMETIME LATER.. IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY..



WHY YES! WE HAVE THAT BOOK! WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE IT OUT!

NO, THANKS! I'LL READ IT HERE! I'LL ONLY BE A MOMENT!



THIS IS A COPY OF THE BOOK, STARR WAS READING! NOW TO SEE WHAT WAS TORN OUT!.. WHY IT'S THE CHAPTER TITLE!

CHAPTER IV.  
MURDER BY PROXY...  
LICK MORELLY STEPP  
JAUNTILY ACROSS THE  
STREET.. HIS CLOTHING...

MURDER BY PROXY!  
EH? THAT MIGHT  
MEAN SOMETHING!...  
AND THE HANGMAN'S  
GOING TO FIND OUT  
JUST WHAT!

SOME TIME LATER...

I THOUGHT I'D  
NEVER HAVE A CHANCE  
TO GET OFF ALONE WITH  
THIS SUIT!

THE...  
THE...  
HANGMAN'S  
NOOSE!

SUDDENLY...

PANIC-STRICKEN, THE BUTLER  
BOLTS FOR THE DOOR...

WORRIES YOU, DOESN'T IT?  
IT MIGHT FIT NICELY AROUND  
YOUR NECK... FOR THE  
MURDER OF SIMON  
STARR!!

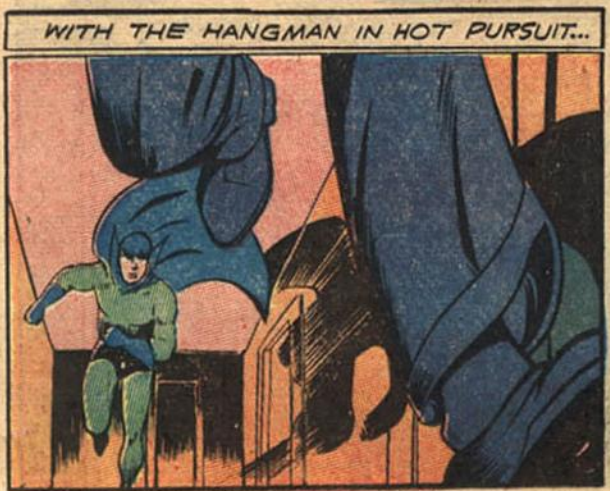
TAKE THAT,  
HANGMAN!!

HE DUCKED  
THROUGH  
THIS  
DOOR!

WITH THE HANGMAN IN HOT PURSUIT...



PANIC-STRICKEN, THE BUTLER BOLTS FOR THE DOOR...



BUT AS THE BUTLER CONTINUES HIS FLIGHT HE STUMBLES, AND...



I'M NOT HAVING ANY TODAY, MISTER!



STAY AWAY FROM ME, HANGMAN, OR I'LL BRAIN YOU!



AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO CONFESS, OR..

Y.. YES! STARR WAS MURDERED! BUT IT WASN'T MY IDEA! I SWEAR IT!! IT WAS...

SUDDENLY, THE ROOM IS PLUNGED INTO BLACKNESS, AND...

WHEN THE HANGMAN TURNS ON THE LIGHTS AGAIN



Ooo! WOTTA WALLOP! GREAT SCOTT!! MURDERED... AND THE SUIT'S GONE....

THE MURDERER DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TIME FOR A GET AWAY! WHO'S THAT DISAPPEARING DOWN THE HALL???

HANGMAN.. IS SOMETHING WRONG??

STARR'S NEPHEW! WHAT WERE YOU RUNNING DOWN THE CORRIDOR, FOR? DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE BUTLER'S MURDER???



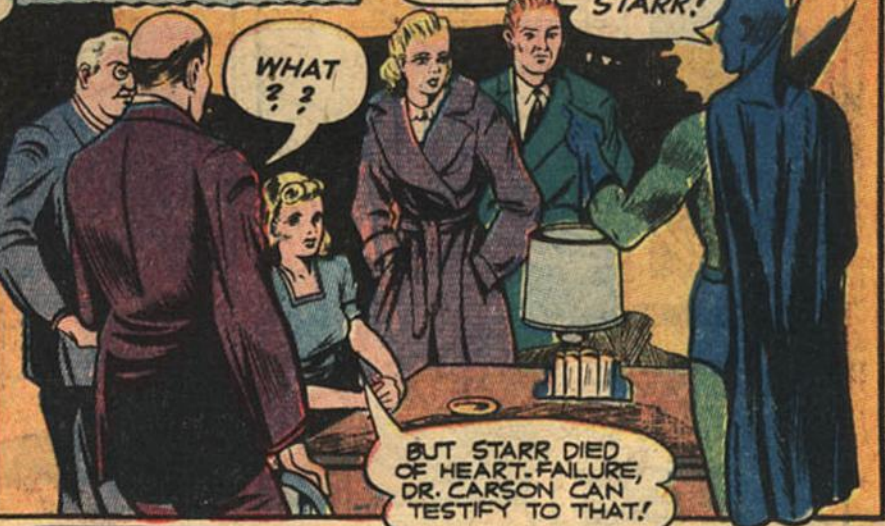
GOOD LORD... OF COURSE NOT! I WAS HURRYING BECAUSE I THOUGHT MY PHONE WAS RINGING!

HMM... MAYBE... COME ON DOWNSTAIRS WITH ME!



THE HANGMAN GATHERS THE ENTIRE HOUSEHOLD TOGETHER...

THERE'S A MURDERER AMONGST US! HE'S KILLED THE BUTLER, AND PERHAPS SIMON STARR!



BUT STARR DIED OF HEART FAILURE, DR. CARSON CAN TESTIFY TO THAT!

NEVERTHELESS WE'LL HAVE TO CALL THE POLICE, AT ONCE!

THANKS VERY MUCH, DR. CARSON, FOR PHONING! WE NEED COMPLETE COOPERATION AT THIS STAGE OF THE GAME!



THE HANGMAN IS RIGHT! THE POLICE SHOULD BE NOTIFIED! I MIGHT HAVE BEEN WRONG IN MY DIAGNOSIS!

SOME TIME LATER A FIGURE STEALTHILY CREEPS INTO ONE OF THE ROOMS... BENT ON ...





STARTLED BY A NOISE, THE MURDERER TURNS... HIS FACE IS CAUGHT BY THE HALF LIGHT AND HE STANDS REVEALED AS...



NO, CARSON! I EXPECTED A VISIT FROM YOU! IT WAS A **DUMMY** YOU SUNK YOUR KNIFE INTO... AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET ANOTHER CHANCE TO USE IT!



I'VE GONE TOO FAR, TO HAVE YOU INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS!

DR. CARSON! I KNEW IT WAS YOU!

HANGMAN, BLAST YOU! I JUST PUT A KNIFE THROUGH YOU !!



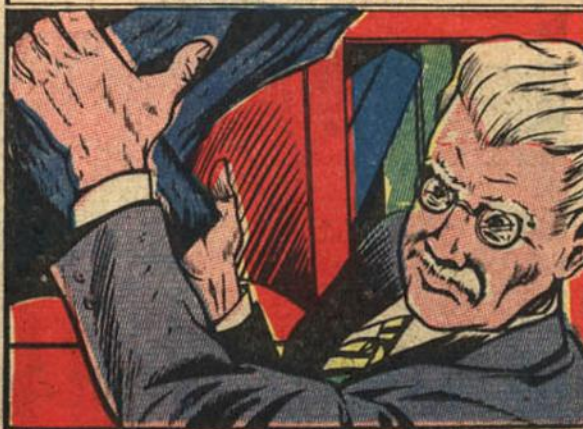
NO, CARSON, YOU HAVEN'T GONE FAR ENOUGH! YOUR LAST STOP IS THE **GALLOWS!!**

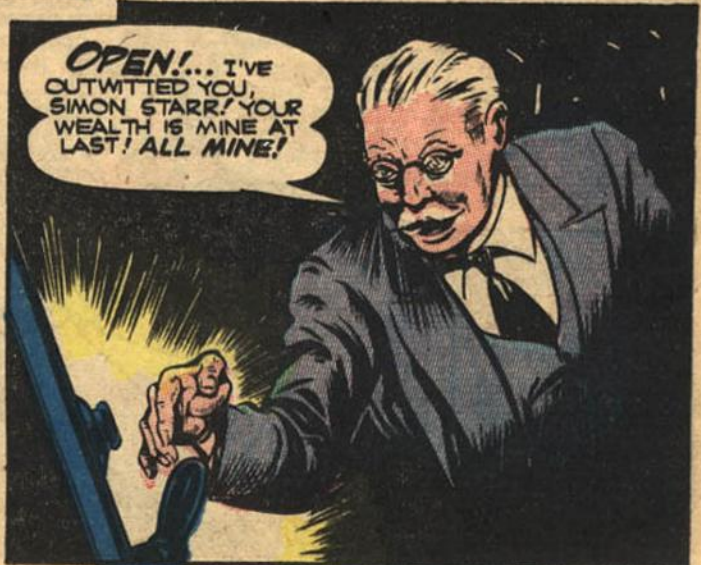


AND HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING TO GET YOU THERE!



FRANTIC WITH FEAR, DR. CARSON QUICKLY SCAMPERS TO HIS LEFT, REACHES FOR A STATUETTE, AND...







**B**UT AS THE AVARICIOUS FINGERS OF DR. CARSON REACH INTO THE SAFE, THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH... A WILD SHRIEK OF PAIN FROM SEARED LIPS AND...



**ELECTROCUTED!..** THAT SAFE WAS WIRED WITH THOUSANDS OF VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY! I'LL GET THE REST OF THE FAMILY TOGETHER, AND TELL THEM... **THE CASE IS CLOSED!**



YOU MAY ALL RETURN TO YOUR HOMES NOW! STARR'S WEALTH HAS BEEN FOUND! IT'S DISTRIBUTION WILL BE TAKEN CARE OF BY THE PROPER AUTHORITIES...!!!

BUT THE POLICE! THEY'LL...

THEY'LL NEVER COME! NOT AT LEAST UNTIL I CALL THEM! THAT PHONE CARSON USED WAS DEAD! FORTUNATELY I'D SEEN THE WIRES IN THIS HOUSE HAD BEEN CUT BEFORE THEN, AND WHEN I SAW THE DOCTOR PRETEND TO SPEAK INTO IT, I KNEW HE WAS THE MURDERER! HE HAD **POISONED** STARR, AND THEN TRIED TO PRONOUNCE HIM DEAD FROM **HEART FAILURE..** THE BUTLER WAS HIS ACCOMPLICE!



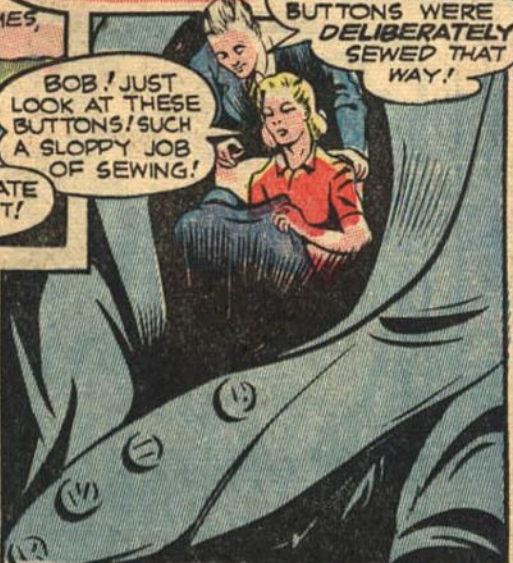
AFTER THE RELATIVES LEAVE, THE HANGMAN ONCE AGAIN BECOMES, **BOB DICKERING...**

GREAT SCOTT, THEL, YOU'VE HIT ON IT! THOSE BUTTONS WERE **DELIBERATELY** SEWED THAT WAY!

THE THREADS REPRESENT NUMBERS! NUMBERS TO THE COMBINATION OF STARR'S SAFE! CARSON **KNEW** WHERE THAT SAFE WAS HIDDEN... BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW THE COMBINATION! STARR WAS AN **INGENIOUS** DEVIL, ALL RIGHT!

ONLY THING I STILL DON'T GET, THEL IS, WHY CARSON AND THE BUTLER WERE SO OBVIOUSLY DESPERATE TO GET THIS SUIT!

BOB! JUST LOOK AT THESE BUTTONS! SUCH A SLOPPY JOB OF SEWING!



# LOOK

FOR THIS TRADEMARK:



FEATURING  
THE SHIELD

FEATURING  
STEEL STERLING

FEATURING  
THE HANGMAN



FEATURING  
THE SHIELD AND  
THE WIZARD



FEATURING  
POKEY  
OAKY

FEATURING  
THE  
BLACK  
HOOD



FEATURING  
**ARCHIE**  
THE MIRTH OF  
A NATION

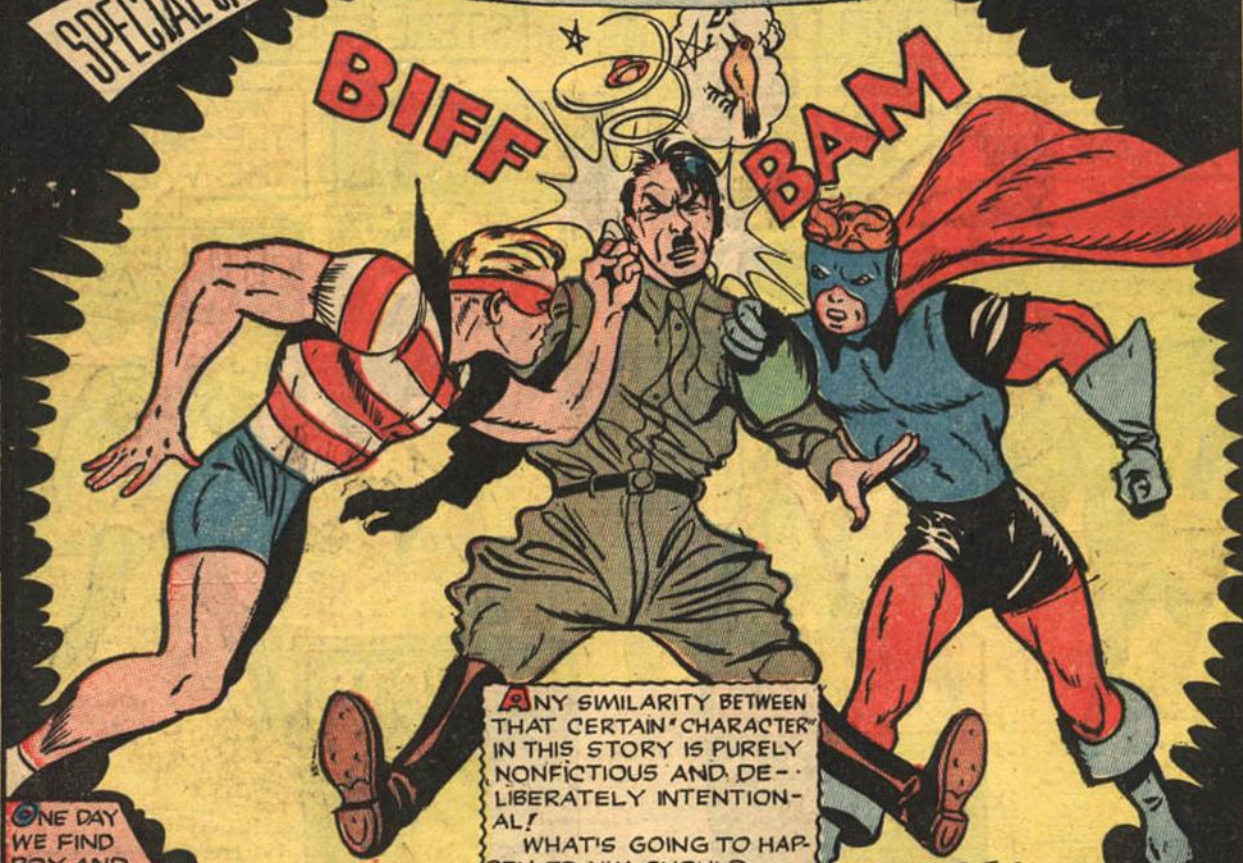
THE

# BOY-BUDDIES

SPECIAL CASE No. 12

Roy and Dusty

BIFF BAM



ONE DAY WE FIND ROY AND DUSTY SITTING IN THEIR ROOM WHEN SUDDENLY-----

WELL I'LL BE!



SOME-BODY THREW A ROCK OR SOMETHING!

CRASH

ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THAT CERTAIN CHARACTER IN THIS STORY IS PURELY NONFICTIONAL AND DELIBERATELY INTENTIONAL!

WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO HIM SHOULD HAPPEN TO A DOG--- ANYWAY OUR BOY BUDDIES WERE CONFRONTED BY THEIR MOST FANTASTIC ADVENTURES--- MAYBE IT HAPPENED AND MAYBE IT DIDN'T! BUT WE CAN DREAM, CAN'T WE?

THERE'S A PIECE OF PAPER WRAPPED AROUND THE ROCK! IT SAYS, "GO TO THE OLD WAREHOUSE ON THE CORNER OF CHESTNUT AND VINE STREETS AND YOU'LL FIND THE GREATEST SURPRISE OF YOUR LIFE!"





LOOKS LIKE SOME-BODY'S PLAYING A JOKE ON US!

AW, COME ON, ROY, AND LET'S FIND OUT!

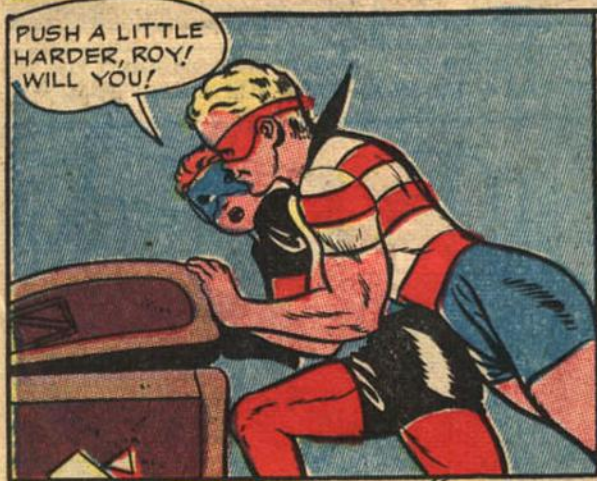


WELL THERE IS THE WAREHOUSE! PERFECT SETTING FOR A MURDER, EH?



NOTHING IN HERE, BUT AN OLD TRUNK!

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT IT!



PUSH A LITTLE HARDER, ROY! WILL YOU!



THIS IS A SURPRISE!  
**WHY IT'S HITLER!**

GLUBB!  
GLUBB!

TAKE IT EASY! DUSTY MAYBE THIS GUY IS A *FAKE*!!



THE MUSTACHE IS *REAL*!!

LET'S TAKE THE TAPE OFF HIS MOUTH AND SEE WHAT HE HAS TO SAY!

**LAST MICH HERAUS, IHR IDIOT-EN! TRANSLATION: GET ME OUTTA THIS JOINT.**

HE SOUNDS LIKE HIM ALL RIGHT!

SURE, SURE, PAL JUST RELAX--- THESE PAPERS I FOUND ON HIM. SAY IT'S HIM ALL RIGHT!

AND REMEMBER THE NEWS ON THE RADIO LAST NIGHT THAT HITLER WAS UNABLE TO MAKE A SPEECH!

LET'S GET HIM OUT OF HERE AS FAST AS POSSIBLE!

BOY-OH-BOY WHAT A *CATCH*!





GEE, I HOPE WE'LL GET HIM HOME ALL RIGHT! BOY, WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO TO HIM!

TAXI!! TAXI!!



BE CAREFUL, DRIVER AND TIE IT VERY SECURELY!

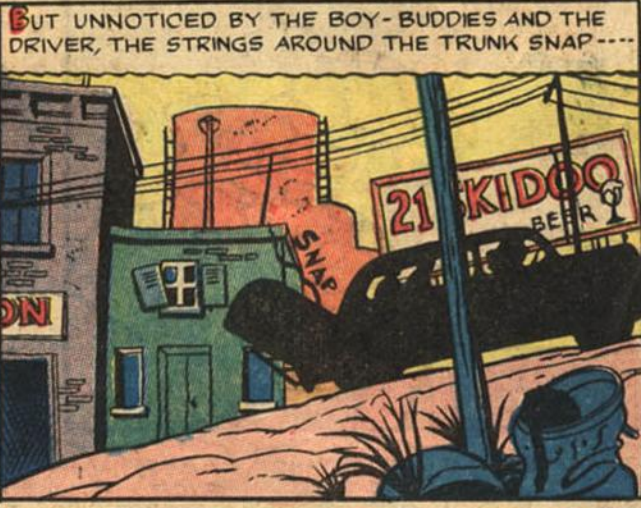
OKAY, BUB! WATCHA GOT IN THERE? HITLER? HAW, HAW, HAW!



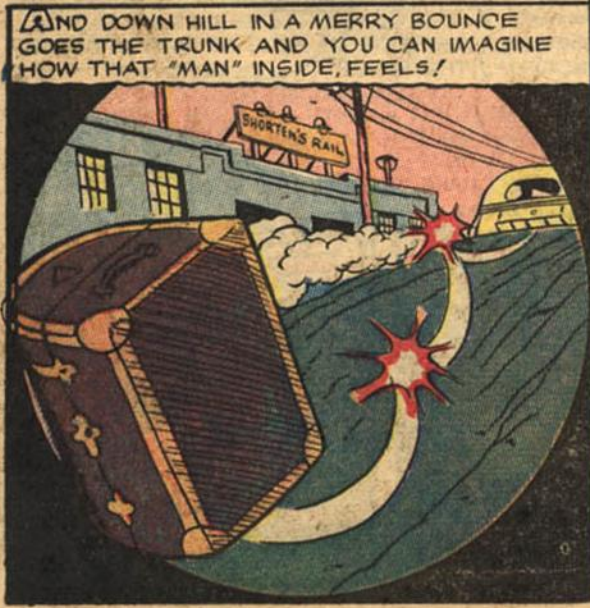
TAKE IT EASY, BOYS, THAT TRUNK OF YOURS WON'T GET LOOSE! NOW WHERE TO?



♪-- VE HAIL, PHFFT, VE HAIL PHFFT ♪  
RIGHT IN DER FUEHRER'S FACE



BUT UNNOTICED BY THE BOY-BUDDIES AND THE DRIVER, THE STRINGS AROUND THE TRUNK SNAP----



AND DOWN HILL IN A MERRY BOUNCE GOES THE TRUNK AND YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW THAT "MAN" INSIDE, FEELS!



DRIVER STOP! OUR TRUNK IS GONE!

I CAN SEE IT NOW! ALL THE WAY DOWN THE HILL!



SORRY, BUT I THOUGHT!

YOU THOUGHT! NOW THIS TIME I'LL TIE IT ON!



THANKS, BOYS, S'LONG! DON'T TAKE ANY WOODEN NICKELS! HAW, HAW, HAW!



NOW WHAT ARE WE GOIN TO DO WITH HIM? WHAT-EVER IT IS IT'LL BE TOO GOOD!

PUT HIM DOWN HERE, AND UNTIE HIM! HE MUST HAVE HAD A BOUNCING RIDE!



IHR LUMMEL LASST MICH SOFORT LOS! TRANSLATION DOPES/I WANNA GO HOME!

SHUT UP! AND LET ME THINK, WILL YA?



---SENSATIONAL NEWS REPORTS FROM GERMANY, STATE THAT HITLER'S WHERE-ABOUTS ARE UNKNOWN! HIS PERSONAL---

THAT SETTLES IT! WE HAVE THE REAL MCCOY, I BETCHA!



WATCH OUT FOR SCHICKLGRUBER, WHILE I INFORM THE AUTHORITIES! BOY, WILL THEY BE SURPRISED!



AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS---

YOU MEAN TO TELL US, THAT YOU'VE HITLER TIED UP AT YOUR HOUSE? HAW, HAW, HAW! C'MON KID THIS ISN'T A KINDERGARTEN! BEAT IT!



THAT'S IT! A NEWSPAPER OUGHT TO BE INTERESTED IN THIS! THIS IS NEWS, ISN'T IT?



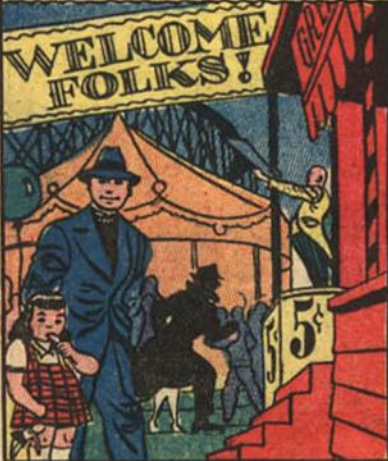


DIESE LAUSE JUNGEN HABEN VOR, MICH DEM POBEL AUSZU LIEFERN AUßER ICH WERDE SIE ENTTAUSCHEN ---- ENGLISH TRANSLATION: I'LL SCRAM!

HEY! COME BACK! WHY YOU @#%!\*!



IN A MAD DASH, THE DISGUISED HITLER DISAPPEARS INTO THE FROLICKING CROWDS AT A NEAR-BY AMUSEMENT PARK ----



YEAH, BUT WHICH ONE IS IT? THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE FROM THE BACK!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! IF MY TRICK WORKS!



HEIL HITLER!



HEIL!

THAT'S HIM!



--- AND AGAIN HITLER ELUDES HIS RELENTLESS PURSUERS ---



INSIDE THE THEATER, IT IS AMATEUR NIGHT!

AND NOW INCHY WINCHY CRINCHY DOGFOOD, PRESENTS AS ITS NEXT CONTESTANT, JOE GLUBB, IMPERSONATOR OF FAMOUS PEOPLE--



IT SEEMS I ARRIVED JUST IN TIME FOR A POLITICAL MEETING! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO MAKE A SPEECH!

AMONG HIS IMPERSONATIONS IS--- WE'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF!

HEIL!

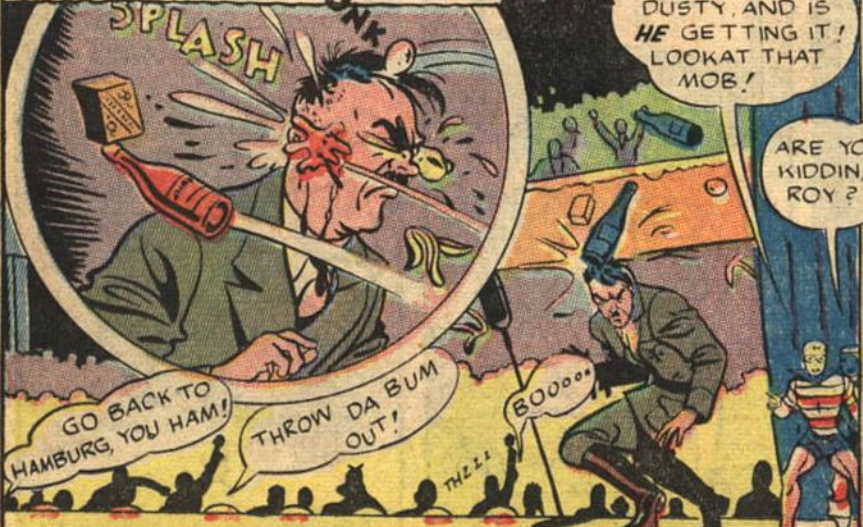
PHZZZZ



PRETTY GOOD, EH?

AMERIKANER VOLKS-GENOSSENEN ICH BIN HEUTE ABEND----

BUT HIS VERY CRITICAL AUDIENCE DOES NOT SEEM TO APPRECIATE HIS PERFORMANCE! THEY THINK HE IS NO GOOD AND MAKE NO BONES ABOUT IT!



THERE HE IS, DUSTY, AND IS HE GETTING IT! LOOK AT THAT MOB!

ARE YOU KIDDIN, ROY?

GO BACK TO HAMBURG, YOU HAM!

THROW DA BUM OUT!

BOOOOO



COME ON LET'S GET HIM OUT OF HERE. BUT QUICK!

HAW, HAW, BOY DOES HE SMELL!

AFTER THE BOY BUDDIES DRAGGED HIM OUT OF THE THEATER ----



THAT'S FOR BEING A LOUSY ACTOR!

AND THAT'S FOR RUNNING AWAY!



DUSTY, THERE'S OUR CHANCE TO GET RID OF HIM, ONCE AND FOR ALL ---- WE'LL FLY HIM BACK TO GERMANY!



HURRY UP BEFORE HE COMES TO, AND BEFORE THE OWNER OF THIS PLANE COMES BACK!



WO BIN ICH?

YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY BACK, WHERE YOU CAME FROM!

HOURS LATER THE PLANE REACHES THE COAST OF FRANCE ----



NOW YOU'LL PUT ON THIS PARACHUTE AND JUMP! VERSTAIST?



OUT YOU GO! HEIL HEEL!

HEY! DUSTY, YOU MADE A MISTAKE! YOU GAVE HIM THE **KNAPSACK** INSTEAD OF THE PARACHUTE!



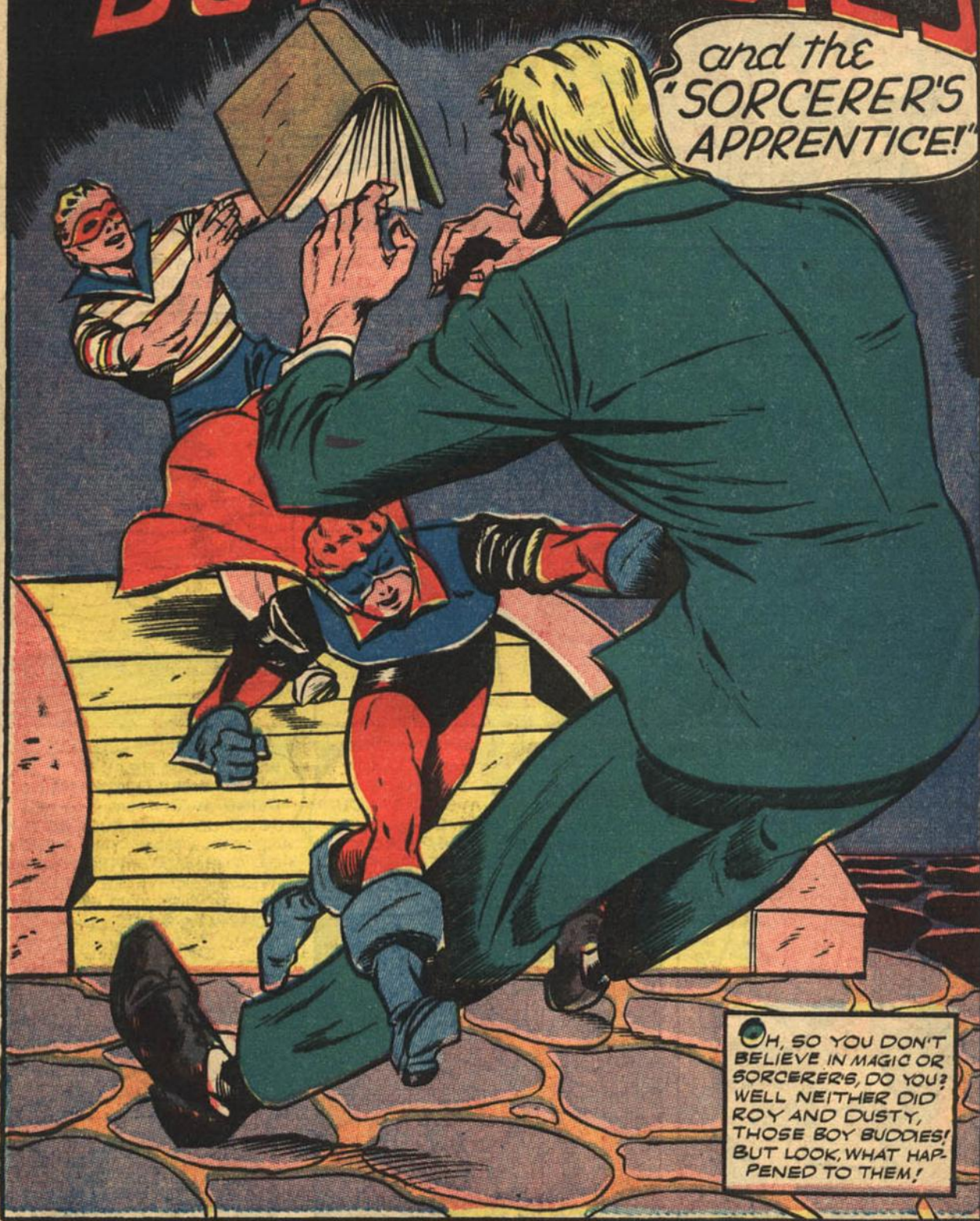
WELL DEAR READER WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE WITH HIM? ---- SEND US YOUR SUGGESTIONS AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A PRIZE FOR THE MOST ORIGINAL ANSWERS! SO WRITE TO US: BOY BUDDIES, 160 WEST BROADWAY, RM 315 N. Y. C.!

THE END --- OF HIM. WE HOPE!

THE

# BOY BUDDIES

and the  
"SORCERER'S  
APPRENTICE!"



OH, SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC OR SORCERERS, DO YOU? WELL NEITHER DID ROY AND DUSTY, THOSE BOY BUDDIES! BUT LOOK, WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM!

NO!

ARMY RECRUITING STATION



NAVY RECRUITING OFFICE



SORRY!



DOGGONE IT! I MUST BE GOOD FOR SOMETHING CAN'T I DO ANYTHING FOR MY COUNTRY?

DONATE YOUR BLOOD FOR THE ARMED FORCES!



AH! THERE'S SOMETHING I CAN DO!

I'M SORRY, MR. STRONG, BUT ALL OUR TESTS FAIL TO REVEAL THE SLIGHTEST BIT OF BLOOD WHICH YOU COULD GIVE!



THEY WON'T LET ME JOIN THE ARMY OR THE NAVY OR THE MARINES! AND NOW THEY TRY TO TELL ME I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT ANY BLOOD!

IT'S A CONSPIRACY!

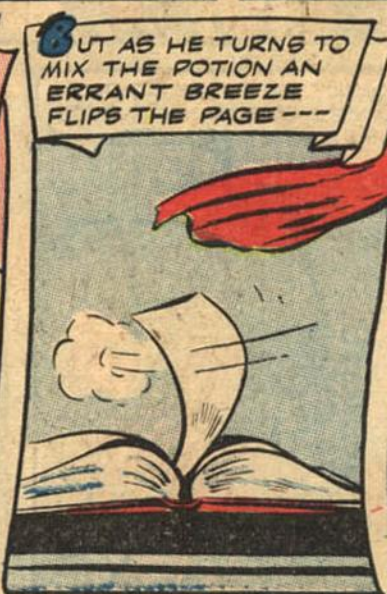
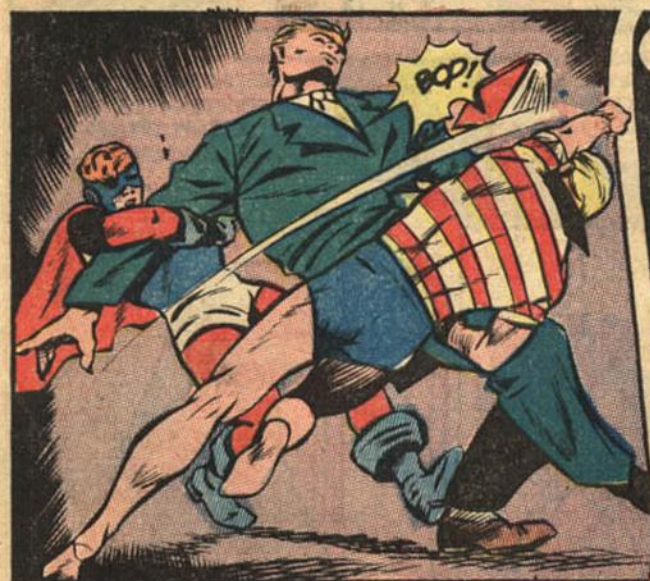
I'LL SHOW 'EM I CAN FIGHT AS WELL AS ANYBODY!



YAAAAA!













YOU WAIT HERE!  
WE'RE GOING AFTER  
THAT BOOK!

WOOF!

SOMEONE  
MUST HAVE  
GRABBED IT  
THROUGH THE  
WINDOW!



THERE!

IT'S THE  
GUY WE MET  
IN THE  
STORE!

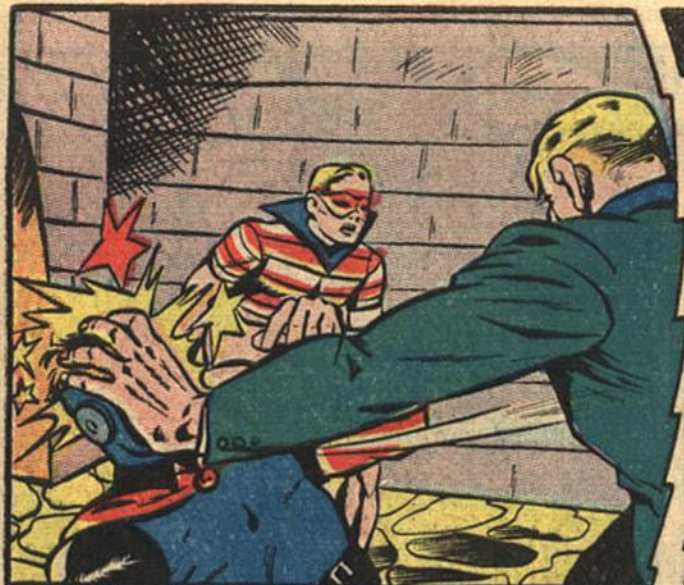


LOOK! HE'S GOING  
INTO THAT OLD  
CASTLE!



C'MON!





QUICKLY THE BOY BUD-  
DIES RUN TO THE LANDLADY--

WHAT? THE DOG? WHY,  
I GAVE HIM TO THE ARMY!  
YOU KNOW, THE WAGS!  
I CAN'T HAVE DOGS  
IN MY HOUSE!



THANKS!

HURRY, ROY! WE  
MAY STILL BE  
IN TIME!



THERE  
HE IS!



YOU SLIP OVER  
AND TALK TO HIM!  
I'LL WAIT HERE!

O.K.!



HELLO THERE!  
HOW DID YOU MAKE  
OUT WITH THE  
BOOK?

OH, THE SORCERER!  
WELL, DUSTY'S IN  
THERE NOW, STRONG'S  
LANDLADY GAVE HIM  
TO THE WAGS!



HERE HE COMES  
NOW!

U.S. ARMY



WELL YOU MIGHT  
AS WELL GIVE THE  
SORCERER THE  
BOOK!

WHAT?  
WHY?



WELL, STRONG SAYS NOW THAT  
HE'S FINALLY IN THE ARMY HE'S  
GONNA STAY IN, EVEN IF HE  
HAS TO REMAIN A DOG  
TO DO IT!

# INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING THE "SILENT BIRDMAN"

HERE'S A SIMPLE LITTLE OUTDOOR GLIDER THAT ANYBODY CAN BUILD IN A FEW HOURS! ALL THAT IS NEEDED IS A RAZOR, SMOOTH SANDPAPER, AND Balsa WOOD OF THE MEASUREMENTS CALLED FOR ON THE PLAN!

THE FIRST STEP IS TO TRACE THE TOP VIEW OF THE WINGS ON A SHEET OF Balsa WOOD  $\frac{1}{8}$ " THICK! SINCE THE WINGS ARE MADE IN HALVES, CUT ONE WING PANEL AT A TIME! SAND THE TOP SURFACES OF THE WINGS SO THAT THEIR PROFILE IS LIKE THAT OF THE WING SECTION! (SEE DRAWING) THE CURVE OF THE WING MUST BE UNIFORM THROUGHOUT!

THE TAIL AND RUDDER ARE CUT TO SHAPE FROM  $\frac{1}{16}$ " THICKNESS SHEET Balsa! FRONT AND REAR EDGES ARE TAPERED FOR STREAMLINING!

THE FUSELAGE IS CARVED FROM A STRIP OF HARD Balsa MEASURING  $\frac{1}{4}$ " THICK,  $\frac{1}{2}$ " DEEP AND 11" LONG! TRIM TO THE

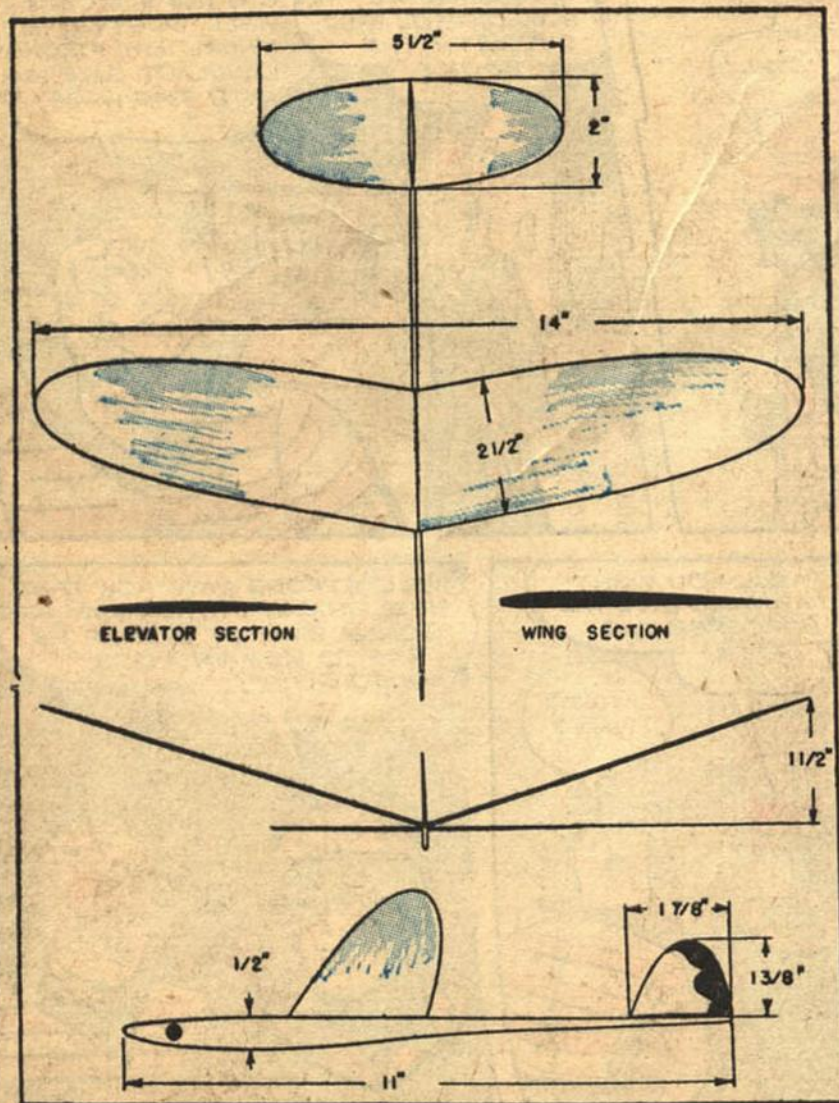
SHAPE SHOWN AND SAND SMOOTHLY!

ASSEMBLE THE MODEL BY GLUEING THE WINGS IN THE POSITION SHOWN AND RAISING EACH WING TIP TO A HEIGHT OF  $1\frac{1}{2}$ "! PLACE BLOCKS UNDER THE EXTREME TIPS TO HOLD GLUED WINGS IN POSITION UNTIL GLUE HARDENS! PLACE A COAT OF GLUE DIRECTLY OVER THE JOINING WINGS!

WHEN THE WINGS HAVE HARDENED INTO POSITION, ATTACH THE TAIL PARTS WITH THE RUDDER AFTER THE HORIZONTAL TAIL HAS DRIED IN PLACE!

TO FLY OUTDOORS, ADD SOME SOFT CLAY TO THE NOSE AROUND THE POSITION MARKED WITH A CIRCLE AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS.

ADD OR DEDUCT AMOUNT OF CLAY IN ORDER TO MAKE MODEL FLY IN A NICE LONG EVEN GLIDE!



# the HANGMANS

## HERMANN GOERING

# HALL OF SHAME



✱ 1942 ✱

✱ 1940 ✱

✱ 1938 ✱

✱ 1935 ✱

✱ 1932 ✱

✱ 1927 ✱

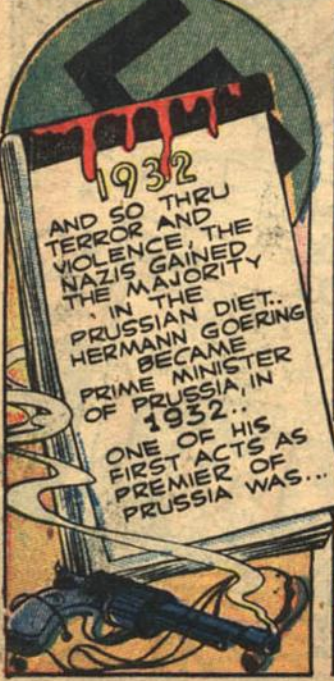
✱ 1925 ✱

✱ 1921 ✱

THE YEAR OF 1921, THE PLACE: A MUNICH BEER CELLAR WHERE WE FIND HITLER SURROUNDED BY HIS HENCHMEN... AMONG THEM THE MAN, GOERING...

Paul Reinman

YOU OFTEN WONDER WHAT MAKES A NAZI THAT WAY.... **IT'S** HALL OF SHAME HAS DECIDED TO SHOW YOU A FEW HIGHLIGHTS IN THE CAREER OF A MAN, OR RATHER A HUMAN MONSTER, **HERMANN GOERING**, HITLER'S HENCHMAN, NUMBER ONE MAN.. A MAN WHO WORSHIPS TERROR, VIOLENCE, AND DEATH, THE MAN OF A THOUSAND LIES.. A MAN FIT FOR A PLACE OF **DISHONOR** IN HANGMAN'S HALL OF SHAME..



IN 1933 HITLER WAS APPOINTED CHANCELLOR...

HERMANN, YOU KNOW VERY WELL WE WOULDN'T GET 50 PERCENT OF ALL THE VOTES UNLESS WE DO SOMETHING SPECTACULAR I GOT IT! WE'LL BURN SOME IMPORTANT BUILDING, AND BLAME IT ON THE COMMUNISTS!?

MY FUEHRER, THERE'S YOUR BUILDING! THE REICHSTAG!



WE HAD THIS TUNNEL BUILT IN UTMOST SECRECY! IT LEADS DIRECTLY TO THE REICHSTAG BUILDING!



THE SAME NIGHT...

THAT'S A SPLENDID IDEA, HERMANN!



MACH SCHNELL! AND REMEMBER TO KEEP QUIET ABOUT IT!!



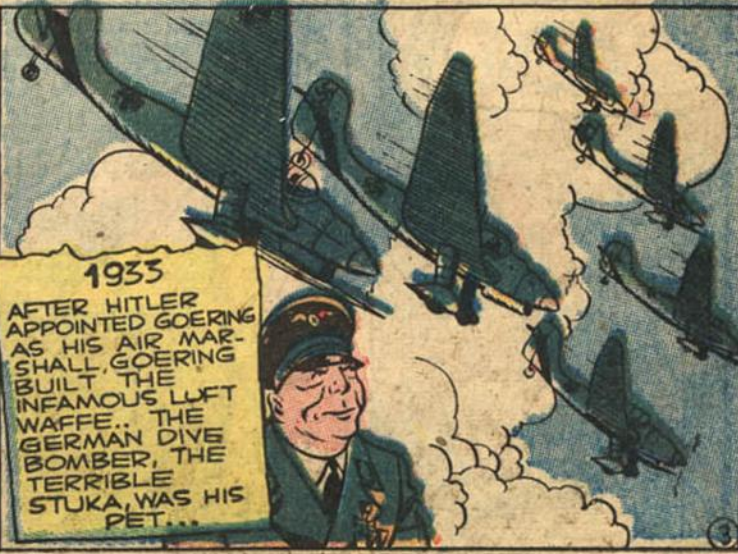
THE REICHSTAG-FIRE WAS BLAMED ON THE COMMUNISTS BY THE PROPAGANDA MACHINE, AND BROUGHT HITLER THE MAJORITY BY A VERY SMALL MARGIN OF 52 PERCENT OF ALL VOTES....



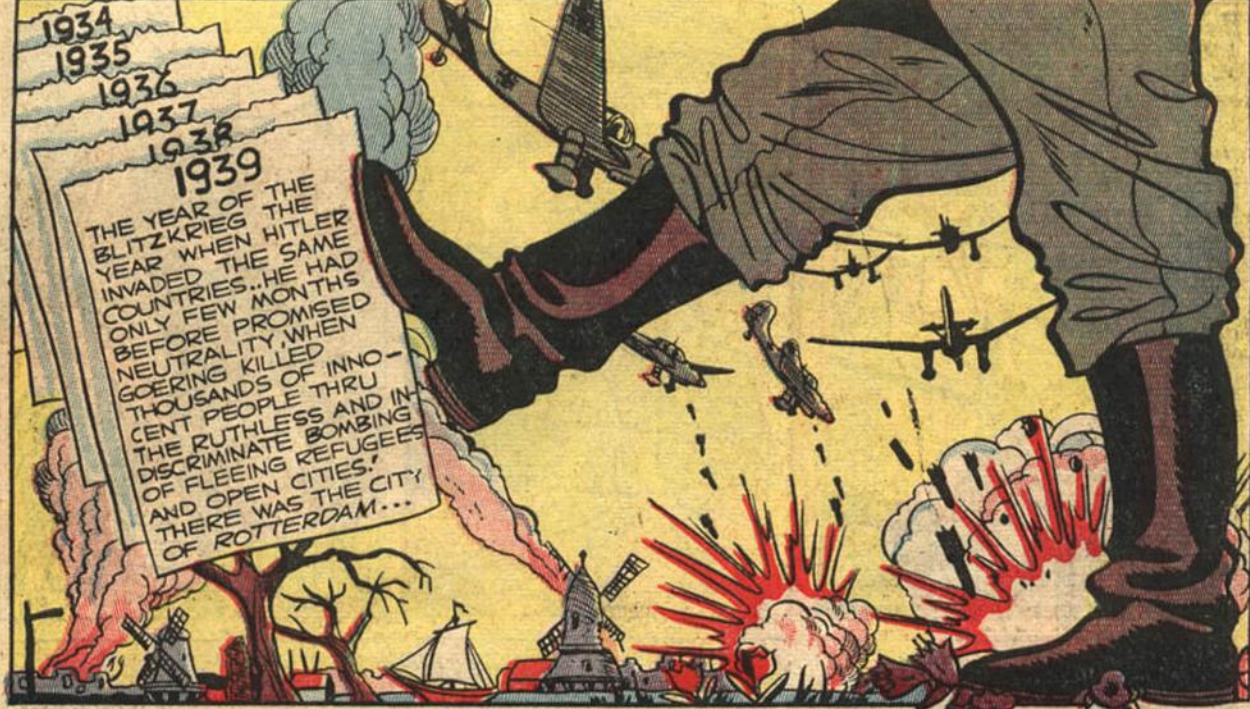
FOR AN EXCELLENT JOB HERR GOERING, I GIVE YOU THE SPECIAL DECORATION OF THE THIRD REICH!



1933 AFTER HITLER APPOINTED GOERING AS HIS AIR MARSHALL, GOERING BUILT THE INFAMOUS LUFT WAFFE.. THE GERMAN DIVE BOMBER, THE TERRIBLE STUKA, WAS HIS PET...







1934  
1935  
1936  
1937  
1938  
**1939**

THE YEAR OF THE BLITZKRIEG THE YEAR WHEN HITLER INVADDED THE SAME COUNTRIES...HE HAD ONLY FEW MONTHS BEFORE PROMISED NEUTRALITY WHEN GOERING KILLED THOUSANDS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE THRU THE RUTHLESS AND INDISCRIMINATE BOMBING OF FLEEING REFUGEES AND OPEN CITIES. THERE WAS THE CITY OF ROTTERDAM...



HOLLAND HAD ALREADY SURRENDERED... THE SIGNING OF THESE PAPERS WILL STOP ALL FIGHTING BETWEEN OUR TWO COUNTRIES



BUT HOURS LATER IN THE CITY OF ROTTERDAM...

LOOK, HENDRIK GERMAN PLANES! I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!



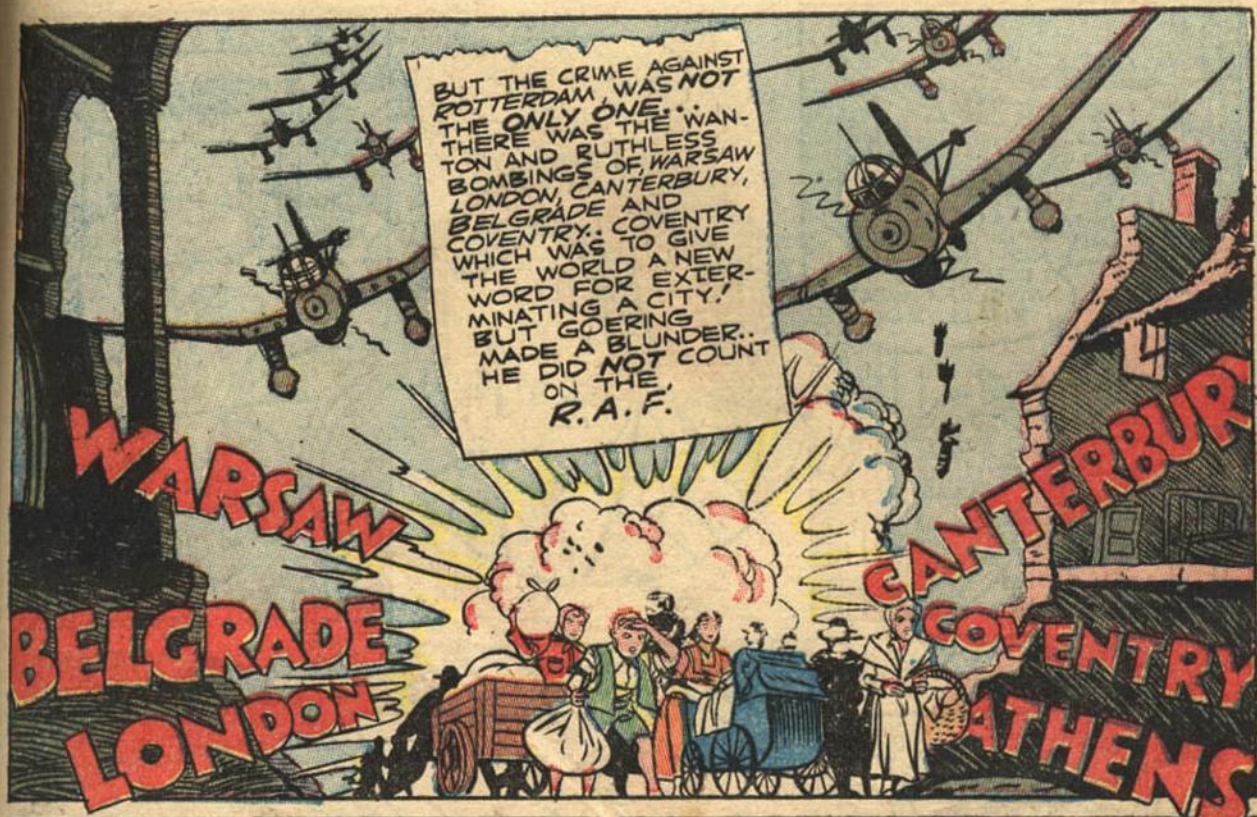
MURDERERS, WE SHALL PAY YOU BACK SOME-DAY YOU BARBARIANS!



WITHIN FEW MINUTES THE CITY WAS IN RUINS, WHILE BLOCKS WERE COMPLETELY RAZED, MORE THAN 30,000 PEOPLE MAIMED AND KILLED.



IN THE NAME OF THE NETHERLANDS, I ACCUSE YOU OF BREAKING YOUR PROMISE !! I'M SORRY, MEIN HERR, BUT THE BOMBERS TOOK OFF BEFORE WE SIGNED THE PAPERS, AND I COULDN'T CALL THEM BACK!



BUT THE CRIME AGAINST ROTTERDAM WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE... THERE WAS THE WANTON AND RUTHLESS BOMBINGS OF WARSAW, LONDON, CANTERBURY, BELGRADE AND COVENTRY. COVENTRY WHICH WAS TO GIVE THE WORLD A NEW WORD FOR EXTERMINATING A CITY! BUT GOERING MADE A BLUNDER.. HE DID NOT COUNT ON THE R. A. F.

WHEN THE R.A.F. GAVE BERLIN A TASTE OF ITS OWN MEDICINE, THE NAZI-BIG SHOTS LEFT TOWN, FOR A HEALTHIER CLIMATE...



I SHALL LEAVE FOR THE EASTERN FRONT, IMMEDIATELY!! HEIL HITLER!!



CHAUFFEUR, TURN AROUND, DRIVE TO MY HOME, 'KARIN-HALL'..

JAWOHL, HERR GOERING!



GOERING ARRIVES AT HIS 'UNPRETENTIOUS' HOME TO SEEK REFUGE FROM THE BOMBING.



IT LOOKS BAD! THERE'S NO USE DECEIVING MYSELF! WHAT SHALL I DO?



I GOT IT!



I HOPE NOBODY FINDS OUT!

A FEW WEEKS LATER AT A U.S. POST-OFFICE IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA...



DO YOU HAVE A LETTER ADDRESSED TO GEORGE JONES, GENERAL DELIVERY?

YES, SIR! WE HAVE ONE!



Dear George,  
I believe it is imperative to put my money into foreign investments, as who knows what may happen over here. I suggest you purchase what I consider the safest investment possible - United States War Bonds.  
Yours Heil Hitler  
Hermann Goering  
Enclosed: 200000 dollars.



GERMAN PEOPLE!! WHILE YOU GO HUNGRY, YOUR FAT FRIEND HERMANN GOERING HAS PUT HIS MONEY IN A VERY SAFE PLACE, JUST IN CASE!



THAT'S A DIRTY LIE FROM YOU DECADENT BRITISH!

HE INVESTED 200000 DOLLARS IN SAN FRANCISCO IN UNITED STATES WAR BONDS UNDER THE NAME OF GEORGE JONES!! HE PUT 50,000 DOLLARS IN SOUTH AMERICAN STOCKS IN BUENOS AIRES!!

THAT DEAR READERS, IS THE CROWNING IRONY IN THE DOINGS OF HERMANN GOERING... AT THE SAME TIME IT TEACHES US A LESSON, TO HAVE FAITH IN DEMOCRACY, AND TO PUT ALL OUR STRENGTH INTO WINNING THIS WAR, SO WE SHALL RID THE EARTH OF MONSTERS LIKE HERMANN GOERING !!

The End

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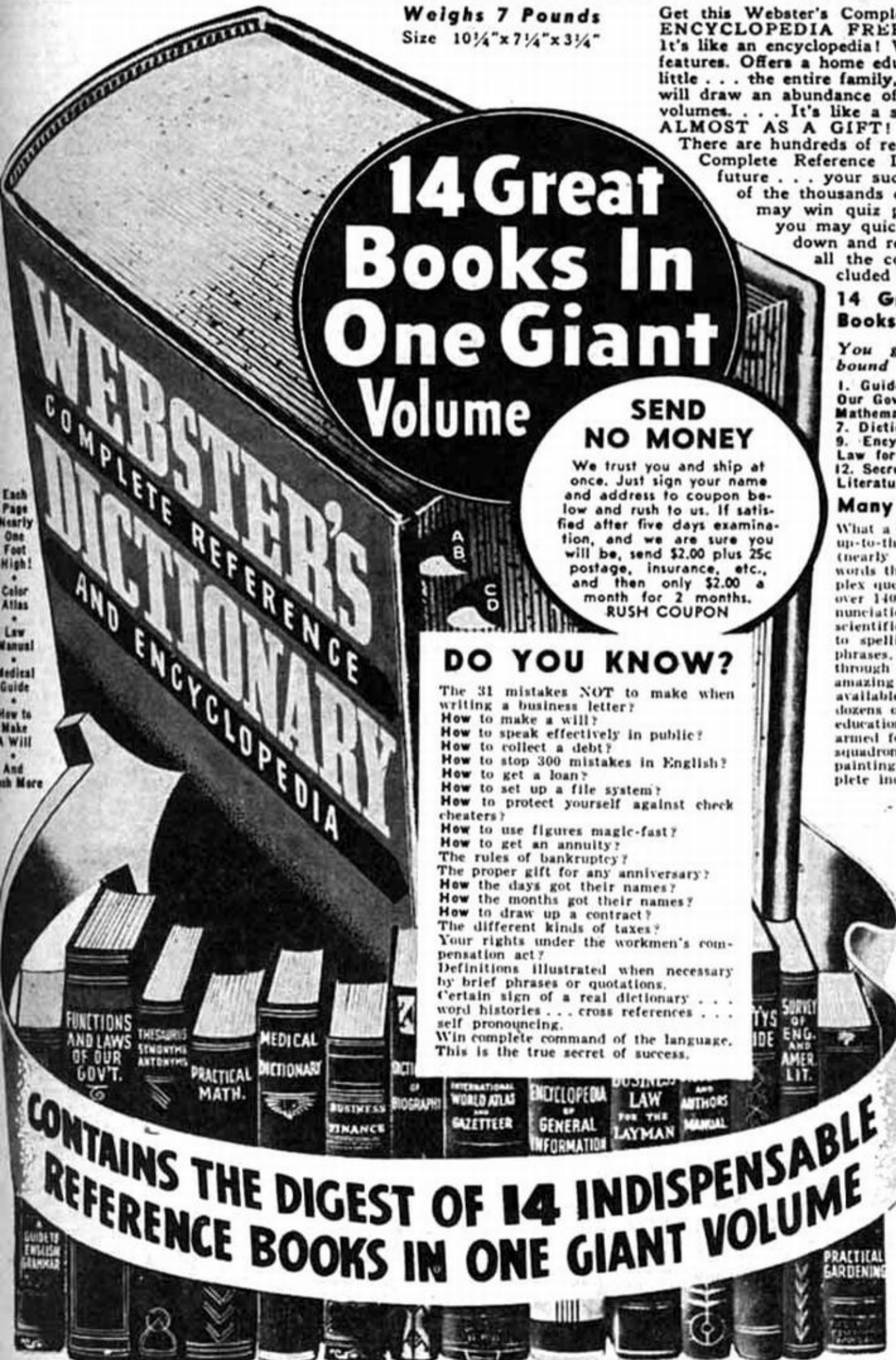
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